

Gc
929.2
H6799h
1989650

M. L.

REYNOLDS HISTORICAL
GENEALOGY COLLECTION

ALLEN COUNTY PUBLIC LIBRARY



3 1833 01332 1358

*
*
* A HISTORY *
*
* OF THE *
*
* HOGUE FAMILY *
*

1989650

P R E F A C E

When one decides to write a family history, one is faced with the problem of what style to use. Some take up much space with names, giving dates of births, marriages and deaths; then the children of each with the dates of their births, marriages and deaths and so on and on, out into the different groups of families. This is a very exact and helpful form when it comes to tracing one's ancestry, but it makes rather dull reading. I have tried to include only as many dates as needed so that we may know when our forefathers lived and how well they adapted their lives to the world in which they lived. I trust that we can make these founders of our family live again so that we will appreciate the more the hardships they endured and the sacrifices they made in order to leave the heritage which we now enjoy.

DEDICATED TO MY CHILDREN

Delos W. Hogue, M. D.

Rec'd Feb 28-1978

I.

A H I S T O R Y
O F T H E H O G U E F A M I L Y
A S C O M P I L E D B Y D R. D E L O S W Y L I E H O G U E
I N T H E Y E A R S 1 9 5 5 A N D 1 9 5 6

* * * * *

It is only natural that you, my children, should take an interest in who your ancestors were, how and where they lived, and why they left their native land and came to America. As we read of the hardships suffered by these pioneers we should have a feeling of gratitude for their efforts. They were striving not only to better their own condition, but also to make life more livable for those who should follow. We do well to honor their memory. Daniel Webster once said, "The man who has no sentiment of veneration for the memory of his forefathers, who has no natural regard for his ancestors or his kindred, is himself unworthy of kindred or remembrance". In our historical quest we do not need to have the pugnacious attitude of the young Irishman, who when asked, "From whom did your family spring?", replied, "I'll have you know, Sir, that the O'Donovans never sprang from nobody, we always sprang at 'em".

One of the chief difficulties in looking up family history is the lack of uniformity in the spelling and pronunciation of proper names. Also the changes made by different family groups. Of the different spellings the most common were Hogg, Hoge, Hoag, Haig, Houge and Hogue. After a careful study I am convinced that all of these names have a common origin and that we are part of a great Scotch

Presbyterian Unite that has had an honorable past and now has a challenging future. We will discuss this more fully later. According to the Rev. Payton Hoge, in his life of the Rev. Moses Drury Hoge, D.D., "The first reference we find of the name Hoge is in 1425 when Patric and Gilbert Hoge, squires are named among the gentlemen who devydit Marches betwist Ridbeth and Bemersyde." Sir Andrew Haig, the Laird of Bemersyde, preceding the time this division was made, had been the first to drop the spelling de Haga from the spelling of Haig, which is still in use. Etymologically, the names are the same, and finding them in the same neighborhood suggests the probability that Hoge is another variant of Hogg or Haga and that the Hoges as well as the Haigs are descendants of Petrus de Haga who came from Normandy in 1150. This Peter of the Dyke--probably from Cape de la Hague in Normandy--founded an honorable family in Scotland early associated with cause of liberty and patriotism. They were known as the Haigs of Bemersyde." Sir Douglas Haig, the Commander-in-chief of the British forces in World War I, was from this family. He is buried near the home of his ancestors in the ruins of an old church in Bemersyde. I stood by his grave, for a time, with bared and bowed head, when I visited Scotland in 1938. It is near the home of Sir Walter Scott who once expressed his high regard for the Haigs in the following couplet:

Tide, betide, whate'er betide,
Haig shall be Haig of Bemersyde.

I claim that the Hagues and the Haigs have a common origin though it may go far back into the distant past.

In looking up this matter of a Hogue family history, I find that there have been a number of rather complete histories compiled by other branches of the family and that they all go back to Normandy and

Scotland as our home lands. There are still Hogues in Normandy as I saw an advertisement of a Hogue estate in Normandy for sale. It appeared in the Manchester Guardian in England in 1940. I wish I might have been free to have investigated it.

Scotland has always been a poor country. The soil is rocky and unfertile. Hunger was common and raids by thieving marauders kept the people poor. "The Wandering Scot" has been found in almost every clime and country seeking a better living and a better way of life. He has taken his church and school with him and this explains why wherever we find people we find a Scotchman as a leader in church and state. I remember a good story that illustrates this characteristic. It was at the Lake Side Chautauqua during the late war with Japan. The speaker had lived in Japan for a number of years and was describing what wonderful progress the Japanese people had made due to their fine schools and educational system, and he added that they had become one of the best educated people anywhere. At this juncture the speaker was interrupted by an elderly lady sitting in the front row, who remarked, "How about the Scotch?" Quick as a flash the speaker turned to her and said, "Lady, the Scotch are not a people; they are an institution". Perhaps we might paraphrase what Sir Walter said about the Haigs and bring it down to date:

The Scots are Scots where'er abide
The Hogues are Scots of Bemersyde.

I think at this point it might be well to pause for a time and take a look at our ancient home in Scotland. Bemersyde is the area southeast of Edinburgh in southeastern Scotland separated from northeast England by the Tweed River, which is the longest and most beautiful river in Scotland. I well remember the day I visited this beauty spot, passing

a number of picturesque Keeps and Castles. Among them the Melrose with its abbey--now in ruins. The scenery is full of charm and associations connected with all of this along the Tweed river which have supplied the material for several of Sir Walter Scott's poems and romances, and its varied beauties have been sung by our own family poet James Hogg (he used the old spelling of the name but pronounced with the long O - Hogue).

✓ Bemersyde is mostly level country and used for farming and cattle raising, so that her people suffered frequent raids from cattle and horse thieves from both north England and the Highlands. Some time in 1747, three Hoge or Hogg brothers came from Bemersyde, Scotland to Alexandria, Va. They were Peter, James and Thomas. (Peter's will is signed Peter Hogg.) It is interesting to note what the conditions were in Scotland at that time. The country had just passed through a bloody war known as "The Forty-Five Rebellion". It was the result of an attempt of "Bonnie Prince Charles Stuart" to seize the English throne and bring back Catholicism to Scotland. He came over from France where he had taken refuge. He began by organizing both the Highlanders and Lowlanders and lead them in a number of battles, at first successful, but in the end complete defeat with staggering losses of life among his brave Scotchmen. As our people were from the lowlands where much of the fighting took place, they must have suffered severely in loss of property and damage to their homes. Then there was that other condition, which had always been with them, the Highlanders in their rocky glens, with little pasturage were often short of food, so considered it their right to help themselves to a fat cow now and then from their more prosperous Lowland neighbors. So I feel sure that the three Hoge brothers did not feel that there was much of a future for them in their native Scotland,

but would have to seek a new home in a new land where many of their friends and neighbors had gone.

Of the three, Peter seems to have been the most aggressive. He soon entered the social and political life of the colony. He was a neighbor of Washington and became his friend and took part in some of his enterprises. Together they acquired a large tract of land in Augusta County, Va. (now in West Va.) Washington, 5000 acres, and Hoge, 2100 acres. He became a favorite with Governor Dinwiddie, who gave him a commission as captain and requested him to recruit a company of soldiers. When I was in Richmond, Va. in 1914, looking up Family History, I found many references to Peter Hoge in the State Library in connection with the settling of estates and the discharge papers of his soldiers. Apparently he had been very active in public life and was widely trusted for his integrity and business ability. He seemed to have been a part of the early history of Virginia and was a soldier in the Revolutionary War.

It was while I was in Richmond in 1914, gathering data on our family history, that I ran across a rather amusing story as to the change of the spelling of our name. I had gone to the State House hoping to find something there. I did not find much information, but I did run into a very talkative busybody who began to tell me about almost everything except what I wanted to know. I think that he wanted me to engage him as a guide, as he followed me everywhere I went. I had told him that I was interested in material for a history of the Hogue Family and he began to tell me what a wonderful man their Governor Hoge Tyler had been (his mother was a Hoge) and other stories, but when he saw that there was not much of a chance of a tip out of me, he told me this last

story. "You know," he said, "they used to spell their name Hogg and some people pronounced it Hog. So a number of their leaders got together with some of the bigwigs in the legislature and had a bill passed changing the spelling to Hoge to be pronounced Hogue with the long O as in rogue". Then he added in a slightly sarcastic tone, "They used to have a bit o fun about the Capitol when some wag wrote this little ditty, 'Hog by name and Hog by nature, changed to Hoge by the legislature'". With that he left me, as he must have decided that it would take more than an act of the legislature to change my Scotch nature into giving him a tip. My father told me, years ago, that it was his grandfather, Samuel Hogue, Jr., who added the "u" in our name, making the spelling HOGUE, and I am satisfied to leave it that way, always pronouncing it with the long O.

There is one branch of our family that insists on clinging to the ancient spelling of this old and honorable name. The spelling Hogg with short O as in Nod and pronounced Hog. But the Standard Dictionary gives the name of our Scotch poet, James Hogg, as spelled with a long O, so would be pronounced Hogue. This branch has produced many eminent divines and made church and missionary history in the Presbyterian church, so that it is difficult to understand their backwardness in not following the evolution of their own name. The only explanation I can offer is a characteristic which we all have, a Scotch stubbornness and a slowness to make changes. In the old days it was the cause of many a church quarrel and has not always contributed to sweetness and lightness of character. It could be that they did not believe in evolution. Poor things, no wonder they got bogged down on their own name.

Our ancestor, James Hoge, may not have been quite as active in gaining a place in the early history of this new land, but we find that he had the same burning desire for freedom as his older brother, Peter, and we find him enrolled in the Virginia militia. We do not know the date nor for what period. He could have been in the company raised by his brother on orders from Governor Dinwiddie. Later, we find a record that he was in the Colonial Army in 1775 and fought in the Revolutionary War, in the Pennsylvania Line under General Washington and was with him at the surrender of Cornwallis at Yorktown on October 19th, 1781. This long military service explains, to a certain extent, the confusion of dates that have come down to us.

Apparently at some time previous to the coming of the three brothers other Hoges had come from Bemersyde, Scotland, and settled in Baltimore. James evidently considered them as relatives and visited them. On one of these visits he met Miss Margaret Parks. The Parks family had arrived from Ulster, Ireland, sometime about 1760, and she and James Hoge were married not long after that, as their first child, John, was born on June 3rd, 1762. A younger sister of Margaret's, Martha Parks married a John Gibson, and their son, Thomas Gibson, later married his cousin, Martha Hoge, the daughter of James and Margaret Hoge. The Hoges and the Gibsons were closely associated in the early colonial days.

Margaret Parks seems to have been a woman of outstanding character and well fitted to be the companion of an ambitious pioneer Scotchman. It is from this union that our branch of the family have come.

Their children were:

John Hoge	born June 23, 1762, father of Samuel Jr. and Margaret (We do not know who his wife was).
Samuel Hoge, Sr.	" July 2, 1766, married Margaret Wood in Tennessee
Margaret Hoge	born May 2, 1771
Martha Hoge	born Oct. 31, 1774, married Thos. Gibson, Lexington, Va.
Esther Hoge	born Jan. 25, 1776, married Thos. Maxwell in Blount County, Tenn.
George Hoge	born Sept. 12, 1785, married Margaret McCartney, Blount County, Tenn.
James Hoge	born June 29, 1778 - Married (?)
Jean Hoge	born August 1780, married William Neally " George Sloan
Esther and Jean	lived and died in Blount County, Tennessee
Sarah Hoge	Born in Blount County, disowned by her father. Married a Ritchey, who was a friend of the Gibsons.

I do not know how accurate the above dates are. They are what have come down to us, but, according to them, James, oldest son, was not born until fifteen years after he arrived in this country. It seems more probable that he was married and his family started earlier than that, but as I say, these are the dates that have come down to us.

After their marriage, James and Margaret went to live on a farm southwest of Washington, D.C., near Manassa. Years later, during the Civil War, the Battle of Bull Run was fought on this farm. They did not remain on this farm very long, as it had been overcropped from raising tobacco. This was a common fault of the early settlers in Virginia, as tobacco quickly exhausted the fertility of the soil and their only solution then was to move to a new location. So we next find them in the Shenandoah Valley near Lexington, Virginia, and the Natural Bridge. Another reason for this move was the desire of the government to establish more settlements on the western frontier as a protection against attacks from the Indians. The Scotch-Irish had been settling in the Shenandoah Valley ever since 1730, so that our folks found many friends

and established churches there of the Covenanter Faith. Some of these churches are still active, or were a few years ago when we visited the Valley.

We have no record, but we believe that James and Margaret Hoge remained on their farm near Manassa until the close of the Revolutionary War. James must have been in active service during the last stages of that War to have been present to march south with Washington to Yorktown to take part in that last critical battle. I suggest to all of you who read this to pick up your History of the United States and read a detailed account of this battle and the condition of the Colonies and Washington's army at that time. By so doing, perhaps we may be able to live again, with James, the tremendous events through which he passed. It should help us to realize something of the debt we owe those hardy patriots who sacrificed so much to give us the freedom we now enjoy.

There is a record of a James Hoge from Pennsylvania, who was captured by the British and taken to Canada. Later he escaped after a few years in captivity, and returned home, but I have never been able to connect him with our James Hoge; however, there is a record in the Pension Office that our ancestor was granted a pension for his services in the Revolutionary War. See National No. 19139 (88271). A number of his descendants are members of the D.A.R. and S.A.R., as a result of these records of his service in that great war. More about this later when we come to our other Revolutionary War Ancestor, Joseph Woods.

The records indicate that James did not move from the Manassa farm until the end of the war in 1781 or 1782, when they joined their many friends in the Shenandoah Valley. This they found to be a much more fertile part of the state, and they prospered there.

It may have been here that James and his sons began to make wagons, as it appears that he had an ambition to put the "Country on Wheels". He was also a believer in "Good Roads" as he must have had something to do with the building of the wagon road along the Shenandoah valley to eastern Tennessee, known as "The Wilderness Road". In this enterprise he would be associated with Daniel Boone, who surveyed the road and was active in building it.

And now I think that it is only fitting to take a little time out to note the tragic death of the youngest of the three brothers, Thomas Hoge. He seems to have been the least domestic of the three. He was still unmarried in 1774, twenty-seven years after arriving in America. He must have been of a venturesome type as he undertook to make a trip through the Indian country to Kentucky and Indiana to establish some salt works. It could have been in company with Daniel Boone, as he was at this time surveying for the "Wilderness Road". However, all we know is that on this trip he was killed by the Indians, and so far as history is concerned he ceased to be of interest. He had left a more or less wild Scotland over which England and France were always fighting, to come to a wild America where the English and French were using the wild Indians to fight each other's settlers. He must have grown a bit careless and in this case that was a fatal mistake. We can only conjecture what worth while deeds he might have performed, what noble children he would have fathered and what brilliant exploits they might have added to our family history. No, that arrow or bullet stopped history for Uncle Thomas. I can call to mind the names of a number of other individuals, whose early demise would have saved many volumes of disagreeable history. There was Napoleon and later Hitler,

just to mention two. The arrow did not hit them soon enough. But when we come to our great-great-uncle, we can only breathe a little prayer, and say, "Sorry, Uncle Thomas, we would have enjoyed knowing you and your children. Our loss, no doubt, is greater than yours".

After the completion of the "Wilderness Road", James became restless for new scenes and new adventure and began to plan to migrate with his family and a number of friends to eastern Tennessee. But before leaving this beautiful Virginia valley and going on to new adventure, we must pause and note the passing of John, the eldest son of James and Margaret Parks Hoge. There is no record as to who he married, only that he had two small children, a boy known as Samuel, Jr. and a girl named Margaret. Before starting on the long trip to Tennessee, he decided to visit some Hoge relatives in Washington County, Pa. Now these "Hoges" in western Pennsylvania were descendants of a William Hoge who was born in the region of Bemersyde, Scotland, in 1660. He seems to have been a man in good circumstances who had come to this country in the later years of the seventeenth century in order to escape the religious persecutions under the Stuarts. On the same boat was a family named "Hume", also from Bemersyde. The family was composed of the father, mother and daughter, Barbara, by name. During the long voyage over a pestilence broke out in the overcrowded ship, and Mr. and Mrs. Hume both died leaving Barbara alone. William Hoge became her protector and delivered her and her property to an uncle, a physician living in New York City. Young Hoge then went on to Perth-Amboy to make a home for himself, but it seems that romance had been aboard that ship as he soon returned to New York to claim Barbara as his bride. The newly married couple removed from Perty-Amboy to the

Cumberland Valley in Western Pennsylvania. Here his eldest son, John, remained and founded the village of Hogetown. From him has sprung a branch of the family scattered from New York to California. Men of substance and character, bankers, lawyers, judges, members of Congress and now and then ministers of the gospel leaders in church and state." *

This William Hoge later moved with part of his family to Frederick County, Va. and established a home there. It is from this branch that the famous southern preachers have come--the Rev. Moses Hoge of the Revolutionary and the Rev. Moses Drury Hoge of the Civil War. Their life histories are well worth reading. I am convinced that since our Uncle John recognized these Hoges as relatives and wished to see them before leaving on--what was then--the long trip to eastern Tennessee, that the different groups of Hogues we find scattered across America are really descendants of the Hoges, Haigs and Hoggs of Bemersyde, Scotland. Of course, it is now too late to find all the data to establish a complete genealogical tree of all the groups with the same etymological names, and this is not necessary as what records we do have show that, as a family we first appeared in Normandy France, then in Scotland and now in America. The Hogue-Coat-of-Arms has on its shield three wild boars' heads which indicates that our Family History reaches away back into the dim past when men lived much like the wild beasts and were starting to slowly climb up the ladder of civilization. The three Hoge brothers must have known something of their past history, or John would not have made his unfortunate visit to the Pennsylvania Hoges.. It was unfortunate for he contracted smallpox and died. Smallpox was one of the scourges of that day. George Washington's face bore the scars of the pox marks. John was nursed by his younger sister

Martha, who married Thomas Gibson just before they left for Tennessee. Fortunately, while she was infected with the disease, she recovered without pox marks due to the careful nursing by her Aunt Martha Gibson.

The sudden death of John no doubt left his wife with many difficult problems. There was the young son, Samuel, and the girl, Margaret, named for her grandmother. What could a young widow do under the circumstances? If she had parents living she might make her home with them. Unfortunately we have no record regarding her. She could remarry as marriageable women were rather scarce in the colonies. It was at this crisis in her affairs that her brother-in-law came to her aid. Samuel, the second son of James, now a young man of twenty-three. It seems that the little orphan boy won the heart of his young uncle and he asked that he be given his brother's son to raise as his own. They became known as Samuel Sr., and Samuel Jr., or as the family loved to call them, Big and Little Samuel. The mother relieved of this responsibility decided to keep the girl, Margaret, and remained in Virginia. Later we understand she did remarry but there is no record that her son ever saw or heard from her after the family went to Tennessee. He had lost a mother and she a son--a tragedy in their lives that, perhaps, could not be avoided.

"Little Samuel", was of course our great-grandfather and we are greatly interested in his life as a boy and young man. His uncle Samuel seems to have been a real father to him. Perhaps he may have given him more attention than he would have received if his own father had lived, for all records show that Samuel Sr., was a most careful man in the discharge of all his duties. We are sure that the boy lacked for nothing that any Scotch boy should have had in care. Then his

grandmother, Margaret Parks Hogue, was there to take the place of his mother. They tell us what a great singer Big Samuel was so we can imagine many a song coming from that home of prayer and Presbyterian Theology. After the death of his son, John, James completed the arrangements for migrating into Tennessee about 1790 or 1792. They were accompanied by a number of their Scotch families. The Scotch Covenantors have always taken their religion very seriously. Wherever they moved they just took it with them--pastor members and all. If they needed a new pastor, in order to be sure that they would have the right kind they often sent back to the old country for one. In this move from Virginia they followed the usual pattern and were accompanied by many of their friends. We find the names of the Houstons, whose son, General Sam Houston, became famous in Texas later, the Gibsons, Maxwells, McCartneys and others. They traveled over the recently completed "Wilderness Road", perhaps in their own new wagons. They may have had Daniel Boone as a companion as we have indicated he largely planned and urged the building of the road. They settled on a farm near Maryville in Blount County, Tennessee. The farm is known as the "Indian Trail" farm, there having been an old trail crossing it at one time. It is on the Holstein river, a branch of the Tennessee river. The day we visited the farm the D. A. R.'s were holding some kind of a celebration there. Unfortunately, we did not have the time to stay and find out what it was all about. The place is well located on the State Highway, the land was fertile and our people raised fine cattle and horses. They also began to build wagons in a larger way. Samuel Sr. had a shop where he employed outside labor. He also became very active in the church as he was elected a ruling Elder and to lead the

singing in the Burgher Secedar Church. It seems that he had an excellent singing voice as he was unaided by any musical instrument except the humble tuning fork. These Scotch Covenantors were a strict lot. No musical instrument must be used in the Sabbath Service, and the First Day of the week must be called Sabbath, never Sunday, for that was the name given to it by the heathen Sun Worshipers. We are sure that Samuel Sr. trained our great-grandfather, Samuel Jr., after this pattern for this was still good orthodox doctrine when I was a boy. We may be inclined to poke a bit of fun at our austere ancestors, yet it has been their faith and their fidelity to the Truth, as they understood it, that has given us much of the Good we possess. Presbyterianism is not a formal religion but a Democratic Philosophy of life that does not tolerate a priest or a king to come between the individual and his God or State. Each man is his own priest and king. It was a powerful force contributing much toward the winning of the War of the Revolution and in the writing and establishing of the Constitution of the United States. It is one of the most compelling causes for the spread of freedom today. So we do not need to be too critical if the Early Fathers acted with too much zeal in certain matters--they were part of a great reform.

Soon after arriving in Tennessee they were joined by other Scotch, the Stormonts from Chester, South Carolina, and the Woods from Charlottesville, Virginia.

Joseph Woods, our ancestor, was descended from John Woods, who was prominent in Cromwell's Army, a man of influence and character, for his son, Michael, married Mary Campbell of the Scottish Highland Campbell Clan, hence of the covenantor strain. Joseph Woods was born

near Charlottesville, Virginia, Albemarle County, August 22nd, 1745.

He married Mary Hamilton of that county, January 28th, 1769, and served in the Revolutionary War from 1780 to 1783. It was by the marriage of our great-grandfather, Samuel Jr., to his daughter Jane Woods that we became eligible, a second time, to membership in the Patriotic Societies of the D. A. R. and the S. A. R. This is a privilege which I think that we should exercise and build these organizations into strong forces for creating intelligent freedom here in our own country, and in helping others to win it where now there is oppression. I am sorry to note that in some circles, membership in these societies has caused a certain amount of unfortunate snobbery. Of course, as members of these patriotic organizations we can feel as superior as we like, but that does not free us from keeping the Ten Commandments nor trying to live up to the Sermon On The Mount. In fact, we should do a much better job at both and take a most active part in helping this Government, founded by our ancestors to function at the highest level and to the greatest good for all.

With the coming of so many new people into the community we can well imagine a decided increase in activities of the church and social life and that romance would appear. We are sure that the little church was crowded to capacity on the first Sabbath after the arrival of the new people. Everybody came out to see who they were and what they looked like. Presbyterianism is a great Faith but it does not abolish Curiosity. The two Samuels were seated well up in front, so that Samuel Sr. would be in his place to lead the singing. Then suddenly they noted the entrance of two attractive young women, the older in her early twenties--a fine specimen of young womanhood,

handsome of face and figure.

The other, no doubt a sister, younger by 5 or 6 years had the laughing eyes and lustrous hair of a real Scottish Lassie. We have already told how Samuel, Jr. never had the loving care of a mother and as he grew up it was not strange that he should develop into a rather shy awkward young man, embarrassed in the presence of girls and young women, but on this Sabbath Day something snapped inside of Young Sam. He broke the rules of the church and whispered to his solemn faced uncle, "Who are they?" Big Samuel who had met many of the strangers whispered back, "Margaret and Jane Woods. They are good singers and will be a help in our singing." "I want to meet Jane," came the whisper back from Little Sam. "Tut, tut, those be no proper thoughts for a young man on the Holy Sabbath Day," said his uncle. But from subsequent events it is quite certain that Uncle Samuel had some disturbing thoughts himself, as he watched the young woman enter the church and take her seat for within a few months he and Margaret Woods were standing before their pastor promising to Love, Cherish and Obey until death do them part. The family of J. C. Hogue or Captain Hogue claim this couple as their great-great-grandparents and when I was a boy it was often remarked about the striking resemblance between my father's brother, Samuel Crawford Hogue and James C. Hogue. It could have been accounted for by the fact that their great-grandmothers were the Woods sisters. I remember how the family used to tease my grandmother saying that she must have picked up the wrong baby when she and J.C.'s mother would be visiting together.

It was some years later before Samuel, Jr., and Jane Woods were married, but in both cases I am sure that it was a matter of "Love at First Sight".

We now come to the period of between 1792 and 1808, which seems to have been a prosperous and active time for the Family. We find a number of references to them as parties to the sale or purchases of various farms or properties, that they served on juries or performed other public duties. James Hoge first appears as a juror in November, the 25th, 1801 in a sale by transfer of land, which belonged to the Houston Estate. General Sam Houston was a member of this family. They had come to Tennessee when the Hagues migrated from the Shenandoah Valley and were old friends. General Houston's brother witnessed the will of James Hogue. Like many people James put off drawing up his will until almost the last thing and by that time he was so weak from sickness or old age that he could not sign his name--just his mark. I do not know just why there is this general aversion to making a will, except that there may be the feeling that one is giving everything they have away and are about to die. I well remember when my father made his will. He leaned back after signing it and said with a note of sadness in his voice, "Now I have nothing". Of course he was wrong. A will is just a statement of how we wish our property disposed of when we are gone.

We do not know just how old he was when he made his will but we do know that he had been in this country for sixty two years and must have been about 75 years old. He had had a full life and his years had been full of toil and privations that had left their mark on him, so that he was an old man both in years and experience. When we were in Maryville, Tennessee, in 1934 we found his will in the Blount

County Court House. We were aided in this by a Mr. William Edmund Parham of Maryville, who was over 81 years old and had spent many years in looking up family records.

We will insert a copy of the will at this place as I feel a study of it will give us a certain insight into his character and habits of thought. That he was of a profound religious bent of mind, we assume because of his church and ancestry. This is confirmed by the opening sentence of his will which reads, "In the Name of God Amen, I, James Hoge, of Blount County State of Tennessee, do frame this instrument and constitute it my last will and testament". However, before giving a copy of the will and discussing it I wish to give the stories of the tragedies that struck two of our families while they were in Tennessee. I wish that we had more of the details how they had to live and work to turn that wild new country into a safe home-like countryside, but these cases we will have to live over that period, in our imagination and try to realize the keen suffering that came to our loved ones in those early days as they fought to tame the dense forest and build their homes. One of the first tasks that faced them was the cutting down of many trees to make room for their farms and highways. Much of this was virgin timber. The trees were huge and difficult to fell. We do not have the name of the young man, only that while engaged in this work, by some mishap, one of the great trees fell on him and crushed out his life. He may have been careless or did not have sufficient help. We do not know the cause but we do know that it brought sadness to his home and to the whole group. He was just another victim in man's long fight against nature.

The other story has to do with Little Sammie Gibson who wandered out into the woods and did not find his way back. His father was John Gibson and his mother was a cousin of the Hagues. It was in the early spring when there was still a bit of frost in the air and the days were cool. The children were in school, the school house was warmed by a fireplace built of stone. The teacher allowed the children to go out in the woods and gather pine cone to burn in the fireplace. They made a beautiful fire and they all loved to watch it. Little Sam was six years old and in some way became separated from the other children. They supposed that he had gone home as it was nearby the school house. When school was out and the children went on home Little Sammie was not there, and could not be found anywhere. The almost distracted mother insisted on going out with friends and neighbors to help in the search. They rang bells, carried torches and called his name loudly, searching for days, but could find no trace of the little boy. The great silent woods seemed to have swallowed him. Months later a hunting party found his poor little skeleton and clothes where the tired frightened little boy had laid them by the side of a great log, as if for protection. The mother had some comfort in the fact that the remains did not seem to have been disturbed by a wild animal and that they could bury them in the church-yard. Also that it solved the dreadful uncertainty of his disappearance.

LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT OF JAMES HOGE DECEASED

In the name of God Amen, I, James Hoge, of Blount County, State of Tennessee, do frame this instrument and constitute it my Last Will and Testament in manner following, (viz), Item - I order that all my funeral charges and all my just debts be punctually paid by my Executors. Item - I give and bequeath unto my beloved wife, Margaret, all my household furniture, my two mares and their colts, two cows and their calves, and also one hundred dollars in money.

I give and bequeath to my son George my wagon and two roan horses at my decease, if not disposed of in my lifetime.

I order that the balance of my estate be divided in the following manner (viz) to my son Samuel two shares and to my other children one share each, except my daughter Sarah Richey to whom I will nothing; and I do appoint as Executors of this my Last Will and Testament, my wife Margaret and son Samuel Hoge, and if any dispute arise respecting the execution of the will, the court of the county wherein the majority of the legatees reside shall have power to appoint five men who shall put a construction on the same as they think just, which shall be the final decision, and I do, in the presence of these witnesses acknowledge and pronounce this my last Will and Testament, in the year of our Lord one thousand, eight hundred and eight.

his
James X Hoge
mark

Witness present
William Edmonson
John P. Houston

I, William Edmund Parham, of Maryville, Blount County, State of Tennessee, do hereby Certify that this is a true copy of the above will; that I copied it from the original, not from the Book of Teyvords; and was made on the 6th day of August 1941.

Signed by me this 7th day of August 1941 with my own hand, in the presence of the witness, who signed as such.

Witness: Eileen Barnawell

"In the name of God, Amen, I James Hoge ... do frame this .. my Last Will and Testament". He no doubt had his faults, as we shall note later but in his simple Scotch faith God came first in everything. He desired first of all to make a just will and he was calling on his Maker to help to do just that. He was a thoughtful painstaking man as he endeavored to give to each one what would be most useful to them. The appointment of his wife and his eldest living son as executors, while being the normal thing to do revealed that there was harmony in that home, and that these two would carry out his wishes. The two special bequests, each tell a story of its own, "Unto my Beloved Wife, Margaret, all my household furniture, my two mares and their colts, and two cows and their calves, and also One Hundred Dollars in money". He did not want the children to come in when he was gone, dividing the furniture among themselves, but that his Margaret would continue to be surrounded by the various pieces which they had slowly accumulated down through the years and had, perhaps, more sentimental than real value. This shows that he was a man of unusual understanding. At least he understood this about his wife, that if she could have her own household things about her, she would have the feeling of being at home and his passing would be less of a shock to her. Then he wanted her to have all the live-stock she might need and spending money for emergencies. It is difficult for us, during these times of inflation to think of One Hundred Dollars as being much money, but in those days it was quite a large sum.

When it comes to the second special bequest, I feel that we are justified in using perhaps a bit of imagination and try to reconstruct a page or two of their family life. At the time this will was drawn,

there were nine living children. Of these George was the youngest. He was his father's baby boy. Sometimes that may mean a great deal. At any rate we may visualize, a few years prior to this, that one Spring morning, George--a young man of 17 or 18--went out to the barn and found to his delight twin roan colts trying to stand on their wobbly legs. Like any farm boy he adopted them on the spot. Soon he had them halter broke and was teaching them tricks. As time went on he broke them to the saddle and to drive as a pair in buggy or wagon. We wonder how many of the young women of Blount County, Tennessee, wished for a date to take a ride on the State Highway with George Hogue behind his pair of roans. We do know this, that it was a Miss Margaret McCartney that got the most dates and finally, George, with his roans. So what could be more fitting than that when it came time for his father to draw up his will he should designate them to his youngest son who had spent so much time in their training.

In bequeathing the balance of the estate James recognized his second son, Samuel, as having taken the place of his first born, John, who died in 1790. While this was the usual custom of that time, I think that it was more than custom which caused him to do this. Samuel Sr., was an outstanding character, a born leader and planner. His thoughtful care and adoption of his little orphan nephew, Samuel, Jr., must have appealed to his father as an act that entitled him to take the place of the eldest son in the family. His frequent calls to serve on juries and other civic duties and his ability as a singer to lead the song services in the church must have made him a favorite, so he was given a double share. All the remaining children, one share each, except one, "My daughter, Sarah Richey, to whom I will nothing".

Here we find the one great fault in our ancestor's character. He was a stubborn man. He would show weakness should he forgive his daughter, who, in some way, had displeased him. So he carried his grudge to the grave. This reminds me of the story they tell about the president of a small Scotch Presbyterian College at Davis, N. C. It is said that this eminent Educator and Divine would want to supplicate his God, morning and night, something like this, "O Lord, hear the prayer of Thy humble servant. Grant, O Lord, that I may always be right, for Thou knowest, in Thy infinite wisdom that I never change". So that was perhaps James Hoge's fault. She may not have married to please him, but he had no right to dictate. A parent may advise and help their children choose suitable life companions, but the final choice must remain with the child, for they have to live their own lives. When he disowned her in his will he was unfaithful to her as a parent. For if she had made a mistake she would need him all the more in the years ahead, but if her choice had been wise he would wish to share in the happiness that would be hers. He seems to have not realized that this daughter had not come into the world of her own volition but because he had fathered her, so that his obligations were not just something that he could shrug off by making the statement, "except my daughter, Sarah Richey, to whom I will nothing". It is unfortunate that we have so little information regarding young Richey, who won the love of Sarah Hoge. All we know of him is that he was a relative of the Gibsons who were intimate friends of our family and active members of the Scotch Presbyterian Church. That would all be in the young man's favor, so, evidently, it was some personal matter or character defect that caused the quarrel with his father-in-law and family feud. Sarah

seems to have lived and died in Blount County, Tennessee, as we have no record that she came north when the family moved to Princeton, Indiana. We wish that we might have known her--a Scotch Lassie who defied her father and got away with it. We cannot help wonder what children came of this marriage and if they always obeyed their parents. Some day I may try to look up the Richey family and see if there might be some record of our Aunt Sarah.

It is now 1808. James Hoge has made his last Will and Testament, dated April 29th, 1808. He must have been quite ill or feeble as he could sign his name only with a mark. The Odyssey of the young man who left Bemersyde, Scotland, years ago is about to end. His will was probated April 28th, 1809, so that his passing took place either late in 1808 or early 1809. It was during this period that their third move was made. Slavery had been coming in to eastern Tennessee for some time, so it was decided to go north to one of the free states, so under the capable leadership of Samuel, Sr., the family went to Princeton, Indiana. It is believed that James was able to go with them, as we find a grave on the same lot with those of his wife and son, Samuel, in Archer Cemetery at Princeton. The stones on their graves are marked with their names and the date 1817. The lettering on the other is illegible but we believe that this is where they laid his poor tired body, after his years of wanderings. He had started out a young, ambitious Scotchman in search of religious freedom and a home in a new land. Now his quest was completed and in addition he had established a family that would carry out the high ideals of the Scotch Covenantors, both in Church and in State. He may have been intolerant and too stubborn at times, but he had a rugged honesty which

invited the trust of all who knew him, and his firm faith in an Eternal God gave him the strength and courage to carry him through all the hardships he had to meet in this new land. He was a real pioneer, and as his descendants we can be proud to honor him and his exploits. Let us live as we should live--as the very best of "The Scots of Bemersyde". In that way we can continue to do him Honor.

So far as I have been able to find we do not have the date when the romance of Samuel, Jr., and Jane Woods culminated in their marriage, but it must have been some time before the move to Princeton, Indiana, as they took an active part in making this change. It was now 1809, the war for Independence had been won. The treaty was signed in 1782 and the National Constitution adopted. We have little information of what part our forebears took in the activities after the war in establishing the new nation, but we can be assured that they were aggressive wherever they were. Now they had an opportunity to show some leadership. For years, human slavery had been spreading in the United States, especially in the south where cotton and tobacco were the principal crops and slave labor could be used at a profit. Now it had come to eastern Tennessee and those Scotch Presbyterians could and would not live with it, so that they practically migrated in a body, to the free northern states. We find their children in Xenia, Cedarville, Morning Sun, Ohio, Princeton, Indiana, Sparta, Marrison and Monmouth, Illinois. They were joined by the Stormonts, McMillans, Turnbells, Maxwells and many others. If one will visit the cemeteries in the southern counties of states mentioned above a list of the names copied from the tombstones will read like the directory of a Scotch Presbyterian Church. It is well worth doing this some time when you want to know just what kind of

people we had as our origin. The old cemeteries have much more information about the people who have been laid to rest there than our more beautiful modern ones. The older are far more interesting and give real information.

The move to Princeton was, no doubt, under the leadership of Samuel, Sr., as he was in his prime and continued his leadership in the church. While in Tennessee he was elected a ruling elder in the Burgher Seceder Church where he was active in leading the singing in the Sabbath services. After he arrived in Princeton he joined the Reformed Presbyterian Church. Since they were in need of a pastor, he took the rather long and difficult journey back to Blount County to try to secure one. He was able to persuade a Rev. John Kell to visit Princeton in the summer of 1810 and with the help of Samuel Sr., and others, he was able "to constitute a Society for Prayer and Religious Conversation". From this one incident it is plain to be seen that our Scotch ancestors gave the Church and Religion First Place. They loved theological discussions, long sermons--the longer the better. There were always two sermon periods each Sabbath. One in the morning, then at noon an adjournment for a kind of basket lunch (as little levity as possible) then an afternoon session with another long sermon. There were times when it was said that they had a bit of difficulty with some of the less pious of the young men and boys, who, on a warm Sabbath afternoon, would steal away to the cool waters of the old swimming hole. Golf had not been invented as yet. I think myself that the old swimming hole would have been most attractive.

I am also puzzled to know just how the good elders could keep their good wives from discussing something worldly during the Basket Lunch period on the Sabbath. It seems only natural that Aunt Margaret should ask Aunt Jane for a taste of her Wild Blackberry Jam or how long she heated her Cucumber Pickles or when the Quilting Party was to be? Could be that the Elders were so busy keeping themselves on the line that they did not think it wise to disturb their wives. Perhaps the early Church Fathers may have made church services too much of a burden, but their unquestioned faith in God and desire to obey Divine Law has made America the Great Defender of Liberty which she is.

We have seen how the sudden death of John, the eldest son of James, from smallpox left our great-grandfather Samuel Jr., an orphan when only a few years old. His uncle Samuel Sr., either out of pity or family loyalty practically adopted him and took him along with the family as they went to eastern Tennessee. He was assisted in the care of the boy by his mother, Margaret Parks Hoge, who appears to have been a woman of unusual character, and no doubt became a mother to Little Sam. For some reason, Samuel Sr., was well past twenty-four years old before he married. It must have been because he had never met his ideal, for within a very short period after the Woods family came to Tennessee he and Margaret Woods were married, we think about 1790. With the establishing of this new home there would be more social activities. Samuel, Jr., whose companionship had been largely limited to his bachelor uncle and quiet grandmother, had developed into a rather shy timid young man. But with the marriage of his uncle to the handsome, efficient Margaret, he would often meet her younger and livelier sister, Jane, so that their romance continued until their marriage about eight

or 10 years after the marriage of Samuel Sr., and Margaret. We think about the time of the move to Princeton, Ind. We feel sure that both of these were "love at First Sight" matches.

In 1809 Joseph Woods, father of Margaret and Jane along with many other members of the church, the Hogues and Stormonts, McCartneys and McMillans went to Princeton, Indiana.

There were also other families who intermarried with the Hogues. There were the Wards, Mitchells and Townsleys. At Princeton, Joseph Woods settled on a farm three miles southwest of the town, known as "The Turkey Hill Farm". 1909 we celebrated the one hundredth anniversary of this event by a large family gathering at the old farm. There was with me from our immediate family, my Father and Mother, my sister Inez and Aunt Libby Hutchison. That day stands out as one of the great days in our family. We also visited on a neighboring farm the house and the room in which my Father was born and as a memento I brought home a part of a limb from a persimmon tree that hung over the window of the room where Father first saw the light of day. I still have it and hope to make it up into something useful some day. We met many cousins of whose existence we had never known. Altogether it was a very happy occasion.

I wish there were more details about the activities of the family while they were in Princeton. I know that they were busy in the church and in making wagons and farming, but it was also a time of sorrow. Both Samuel Sr., and his Mother, Margaret Parks Hogue, died during the year of 1817 and were buried side by side in Princeton's Archer cemetery. (This is where we think James Hogue was laid to rest but we cannot make out the lettering on the stone on the third grave.)

And so ended the earthly lives of two great characters. Margaret Parks Hogue was a real pioneer mother. She gave birth to and reared at least ten children. She made three long and what must have been difficult moves. She had to live much of her life under rather primitive conditions. We owe a great debt of gratitude to these early American Mothers. Her son Samuel was only 51 at the time of his passing. We have no record that would give us a hint as to the cause of his early death. He had always been a leader and perhaps his ambitions had caused him to over exert in making their last move and establishing themselves in their new home. His death must have been a great shock to the family and community as now the leadership passes to our Great Grandfather Samuel Jr., who had always been known as Little Sam. Something that could be quite a handicap. But now he began to show the training that he received from his forceful Uncle and his wise old Grandmother. I wish I might roll back the curtain that hides the activities of Samuel Jr., and his young bride, Jane Woods, as they were married and moved to Princeton and began their new home in new surroundings. I am sure of one thing they were not yes people. They had their own positive opinion of the right way in which it should be done. Up until this time there had been some confusion as to how our name should be spelled and pronounced. I suspect that it was our Great Grandmother, Jane, who suggested that the "U" be added to make it longer, the \bar{O} a long \bar{O} to be pronounced H \bar{O} GUE as in L \bar{O} GUE. So it was our Great Grandfather who finally settled this long debated question, at least he made the announcement to the family.

The other thing that he did took real courage in that day and age and made him unpopular among his neighbors. At this time the drink-

ing of whiskey was a common practice. At Barn raising and harvest time it was the custom to have a barrel of whiskey on hand with a dipper attached so that every one could help themselves. It was our Great Grandfather who had the courage to discontinue this custom in his community. To his credit it is said that he stood by his convictions even when severely criticised by his more liberal neighbors. Liquors are still used in almost the barrel and dipper profusion. We seem to have no more control than Noah had when he got drunk on his own wine and disgraced himself and family. That scene has been repeating itself all down through the ages of history. Samuel Hogue Jr., is, at least one bright spot in the long fight against this ancient evil. It may be that this example of our ancestor has been the reason why so many of us have been such foes of alcohol as a beverage and vote DRY. However we non-drinkers seem, today, to be as much out of place as our Grand Parent did at harvest time without a barrel of whiskey. Nearly everywhere we go in a social way we are offered an alcoholic drink of some kind and are expected to do the same when anyone calls at our home. This is most embarrassing to one who understands the real action of alcohol in the human system. Alcohol is not a stimulant but a depressant. It is anaesthetic. In the old days before ether or chloroform had come into use, what surgery that was done was usually undertaken when the patient was deeply under the influence of whiskey. When the drinker thinks he feels brighter and freer it is because some of his reflexes have been put to sleep or abolished. It makes him less accurate in his thinking and movements. One does not have to be in a drunken condition to be dangerous to themselves and others. This is certainly one of the reasons for the frightful increase in automobile accidents--

38,300 deaths on the highways in 1955. One of the most serious results of our Social Drinking is its Habit Forming tendency. There are over Four Million Chronic Alcoholics in this country and more becoming diseased every year. So alarming has this phase of the problem become that in almost every town and city "Alcoholics Anonymous" have been organized to help the poor victims of drink regain their freedom. I spent eight years practicing medicine in a mining town in Wisconsin where the saloons outnumbered all the other places of business. I was in and out of the saloons and the drinkers homes every day. Previous to that I had spent three years in an old town on the Mississippi River where the saloons lined the whole river front. My experience with alcohol is what I observed in my personal contact with the drinker of every kind and class. My conclusion after all these years is that Alcohol is a dangerous drug because it is a deceptive drug never safe as a social drink or beverage. Our Ancestor did what his conscience told him was his duty to do about it in his day. May we be as true to duty as he was.

I am sorry that we do not have more data about the life of Samuel Jr., and Jane Woods. They were married in 1807 but I am sure that it was a love match and that they had a happy and energetic family. My Father told me years ago that he always loved to visit the homes of his married aunts Polly Brazelton and Betsey McCartney. They would be the married daughters of Samuel Jr. and Jane. Their homes were so neat and clean and his aunts looking so nice in their fresh appearing dresses. They seemed to be living on a higher plane than many of their neighbors. The conclusion is that Jane Hogue taught her daughters to be good homemakers and housekeepers, and that she was a positive influence in both

home and community for better living. She was a most suitable companion for our Great Grandfather and they reared a sturdy family of six children to carry on the Covenant Faith.

Samuel Hogue, Jr., Born in Virginia, 1784.) Married
Jane Woods, Born in Virginia, 1783.) 1807 in Tennessee.

The six children of Samuel Jr., and Jane Woods Hogue:-

<u>Name</u>	<u>Born</u>	<u>Married</u>	<u>Died</u>
John Anderson Hogue	1809 in Tennessee	Annice Delavan	1887
Joseph Woods Hogue	1811 in Indiana	Rosanna Stormont	Sept.6, 1864
William Hogue	in Indiana	Sarah Stormont	
Mary Hogue, called Polly	in Indiana	Jacob Brazelton	
Betsy Hogue	in Indiana	Monroe McCartney	
James Harvey Hogue	1824 in Indiana	Never married	1846

The two older boys, in this family John and Joseph were very closely associated all through their lives. They were partners in the wagon making business at which their Uncle Samuel Hogue Sr., had been so successful in Tennessee. They had a shop in Princeton and also at Monmouth and I presume that they continued working together until the sudden death of Joseph from typhoid fever in 1864. I know that my Father had a deep affection for Uncle John and his family. The two brothers did much to put America on wheels and did their part to making travel more possible if not too comfortable.

It was these same brothers and their wives and children who made the trip to Monmouth, Illinois. There was born to John and Annice Hogue twelve children which we now give.

John Anderson Hogue and Annice Delavan Hogue.

John Anderson Hogue, b. Ind., Oct. 1st, 1809, d. Ill. Apr. 30th, 1887.
 M. Annice Delavan, b. Pa. June 30th, 1818. d. July 20th, 1897.

They had twelve children as follows:-

James Henry, b. 1842, d. 1926.
 Samuel Anderson, b. 1843, d. 1892
 Mary Jane, b. 1845, d. 1911. Married William Henry Stormont.
 William Harvey, b. 1848, d. 1933
 Joseph Delavan, b. 1849, d. 1933.
 John Parks, b. 1852, d. 1852
 Nancy M. b. 1853, d. 1926
 George Calvin, b. 1855, d. 1936
 Harriet Elizabeth, b. 1855, d. 1936. Married James Willman.
 Charles S., b. 1857, d. 1865
 Juliette H., b. 1861, died at age of one year.
 Frances Lincoln, b. 1861, Still living.

The oldest son of John Anderson and Annice Hogue 1868 (Nancy J. McCoy,
 b. 1841, d. 1875)

1. James Henry Hogue, b. 1842, d. 1926, married Mary Ireene McQuown, b. 1855 d. 1939.
2. Samuel Anderson Hogue, b. 1843, d. 1892, married Sarah , b. 1849 d. 1931.
3. Mary Jane Hogue, b. 1845, d. 1911, married William Henry Stormont, b. 1839, d. 1903.
4. William Harvey Hogue, b. 1846, d. 1932, married Hannah Torry, b. 1855. Married in 1880.
5. Joseph Delavin Hogue, b. 1848, d. 1933, married Mary C. No children. An adopted boy.
6. John Parks Hogue, b. 1849, d. 1933, married Kate Myson 1862. Divorced. Married Nettie Boyce in 1864, she died in 1940.
7. Nancy M. Hogue, b. 1852, d. 1852.
8. George Calvin Hogue, b. 1853, d. 1926, married 1885 Lucy Marie Maple, b. 1861, d. 1922.
9. Harriet Elizabeth Hogue, b. 1855, d. 1936, married 1872 James Willman, b. 1859, d. 1934.
10. Charles S. Hogue, b. 1857, d. 1895.
11. Juliette H. Hogue, b. 1859, d. 1860.
12. Francis Lincoln Hogue, b. 1861, married 1889 Gertrude Rippetto, b. 1867, d. 1896. Francis Lincoln Hogue is still living at the age of 85.

1. The daughter of James Henry and Nancy McCoy Hogue was Anna Letitia. Anna Letitia Hogue, b. 1869, d. 1945, married Reuben W. Park, b. 1872, They have a family of six children living in North Western Pennsylvania.
2. Marjorie Alice Hogue, b. 1871, d. 1874.

In 1873 James Henry Hogue married Mary Ireene McQuown, b. 1855, d. 1939.
 3. Gilbert McQuown Hogue, b. 1879, married 1901, Alice M. Heaton, b. 1882, one son Ralph Heaton Hogue, b. 1902.

4. Arthur Scott Hogue, b. 1881, married 1907 Rose E. Gilliland, b. 1884, d. 1949. One son Paul Leslie Hogue, b. 1914.
5. Flossie May Hogue, b. 1885, d. 1910.
6. James Harvey Hogue, b. 1887, d. 1953, married 1911 Elsie C. Kirchhoff, b. 1887, One Son Robert Scott Hogue, b. 1916.
7. Mary Ethel Hogue, b. 1889, married 1915 Wilford Newbank, b. 1893. Three children.
8. Earle Brown Hogue, b. 1897, d. 1923. Served in World War I.

I think at this point I will ask you to allow me to interrupt the story of our family as I have been recording to insert a bit of history as contributed by our sister Inez Hogue, which reveals something of the character of our Great Grandfather Samuel Hogue Jr., and their migration to Monmouth, Illinois.

The Following Are From Notes Contributed by Inez Hogue.

I visited my Father's birth-place twice, first in 1909 after attending the one hundredth anniversary of the settlement of the Woods family on Turkey Hill, out south-west of Princeton, Indiana. Father, Mother, Aunt Libbie Hutchison, Brother Delos and I had a wonderful time with Mr. and Mrs. Smith, the owners, who were delighted to show us about the house and farm, and tell us stories of the room in which Father was born, and where the building stood in which Grandmother and Father lived, and that likely Uncle John occupied.

The second visit was some years later in 1914, when Father and I were on our way to Florida for another winter. We had spent several weeks with Sister Minnie in Walton, Kansas, and were making a stop at Princeton enroute. Cousin John Stormont drove us out to the old home west of town, one afternoon. The house stood on a slight rise at the end of a lovely tree-lined drive, and we again had a happy visit with the Smith's. She remembered so many happenings of the long ago. On one of these visits I learned the real reason why the Hogue Family left

Princeton and made their fourth and last great move. Great Grandfather Samuel Jr., without the knowledge or consent of his two oldest sons, John Anderson and Joseph Woods Hogue had become security for a man, either a friend or relative. It must have been for a large amount as in the settlement they found that he had lost the farms and the homes of all three families. This came as a complete surprise and shock, so that there was nothing else to do but to move away and make a new start, hoping for better success next time. The farm was large enough to have supported the three families along with the wagon making business of the two older sons, in which they had become quite successful. The presence of so many old friends and relatives in Princeton made it a very desirable place to live so it was with considerable regret that the three families in early spring of 1844 went by wagon across southern Illinois to Walnut Hill near Marissa, where there were relatives. Some had located there at the time of the move north from Tennessee. The summer was spent at Walnut Hill, but there was much sickness, chills and fever were common in the area, and evidently the families did not find favorable openings for suitable homes or a permanent location, so by fall the company moved on to Monmouth. It seems that Samuel Jr., and his wife Jane went earlier than the larger group, for they were living in a large house on the corner opposite the Court House Block, and so had a place ready for our Grand Parents and Uncle John.

The winter months were spent in Monmouth, the men making wagons; in the spring they began to look for a home and went out south-west of town in the Hickory Point area. The section south and east of Young America or Kirkwood of today, was new land and could have been bought for one dollar an acre. This was an opportunity offered to Grand Father

Joseph Woods Hogue with his four sons, but Grandmother Hogue turned it down as costing too much money - six hundred and forty dollars. (Could be that the sad experience in Princeton, where signing a note caused them to lose everything had made her timid about going in debt. D.W.H.) Instead they bought only forty acres. This was so small a farm that the three older sons had to work out for other farmers. My Father always felt that an excellent opportunity had been lost by the family. Dollars were not plentiful, but each of the sons would have had a farm of his own after the sod had been broken and the remaining land sold to other settlers. That section furnished fine farms and splendid homes for a number of families we knew through our childhood and youth.

Father and I passed through Walnut Hill on our trip from Walton Kansas to Princeton. It is a small town not far east of St. Louis. Father said that it had not changed a bit since he saw it as a little boy of five or six. It was still a one street sleepy old town. We can be glad that the family rejected it as their choice for their home and moved on to Monmouth.

The pause to insert the record contributed by Sister Inez gives us an opportunity to analyze the character and activities of our Great Grandfather while he lived in Princeton. He no longer had the counsel and leadership of Samuel Sr., who died in 1817. The family seems to have prospered, built homes, bought good farms and the older sons were successful in their wagon-making enterprise. Apparently he was a quiet, rather easy going man, more trustful of his fellow man than most Scotchmen. He was friendly and wanted to help those in need. His God had blessed himself and family and he would pass the blessings on. Unfortunately there are some hard facts in life which we all have to learn. As

William Shakespeare wisely put it "To err is human". So that it is never wise to go security for a friend beyond anything what we can afford to lose. Father told me a number of times that when you go security you are assuming the entire debt. No doubt he had in mind the costly mistake of his Grandfather. However we today must not be too severe on Samuel Jr., for the loss of money is not nearly the disaster as the loss of character. He left us a great heritage of a simple faith in God and the example of righteous living and the freedom to work and worship as our conscience may dictate. What he lost in dollars his sons soon replaced by their earnings, but had he been false to his Scottish Faith we could not honor his name as we do today.

And now we will resume our story where we left off. There may be some repetitions, as we did not wish to rewrite this whole section to make this story fit in. Anyway it is all in the family so that every one will understand.

Then Samuel Jr's. two sons, John Anderson Hogue and Joseph Woods Hogue realized that perhaps the best thing to do was to go to a new place, where land was cheaper and make a new start; so that it is how it came about that they loaded their families into their wagons and left Princeton and went to Monmouth.

Anyone reading the histories of migrations to new countries will be impressed with the fact that they are made up of two classes, one of those who wish to settle down near the place of entry and build a permanent community. The other have the wanderlust and are always looking for better land and greater opportunities. In order to keep in touch with them and protect them the permanent communities have to build roads and means of communication, so in that way the country grows. We can feel

proud of how our "Wandering Scotch" ancestors have contributed their share to the opening up of America. We have mentioned before how they had pioneered in putting "America on Wheels", by building wagons. In 1844 the two oldest boys of Samuel Jr., and Jane Woods had a wagon shop in Princeton and decided to move on to Monmouth, Illinois, which had become quite a center of the Scotch Presbyterians. My Father William McMaster Hogue was born on October 22nd, 1829 so was five years old when his father Joseph Woods Hogue, age 33, and Uncle John Anderson Hogue, age 37, left Princeton with their families in two of their newly made wagons. Grandfather did the wood work while Uncle John, as a blacksmith equipped them with iron tires and did the rest of the iron work. They were sturdily made as the distance from Princeton to Monmouth was about three hundred miles, over new rough roads with many streams to be forded. It required a whole week to make the trip. We can do it now in a day. One incident on the way impressed itself on the Scotch Sabbath keeping mind of my Father. They had started about the middle of the week so that when Saturday evening came they were still some days from their destination, and they prepared for a rest over the Sabbath. They removed the harness from the tired and sweaty horses and tethered them out so they might help themselves to the luscious grass growing by the roadside. All would have a day of rest with Grandfather leading in suitable Sabbath devotions. Then Father would go on to tell how another family who were travelling with them rather scoffed at the idea of stopping to rest on the Sabbath. Said that they had no time for such nonsense and would hurry on and finish the trip.

Monday morning came, the people and horses were refreshed and rested and they resumed their journey. By Wednesday they not only

caught up with but passed the people who had no time to rest themselves and horses on the Sabbath. They never saw anything more of them on the trip. Father in telling this story usually added "This taught me 'Six days shalt thou labor and do all thy work, but the seventh day is a Sabbath unto God, in it thou shalt not do any work.'" "Since he made these observations years ago science has discovered that there are physical reasons why the human body should rest one day in seven, and that the same is true to a certain degree of machinery. It has been determined by careful tests, that the vibrations caused by constant use cause metal to become brittle and unsafe to use. In other words its life is shortened. Some of us may feel at times, that our ancestors may have placed rather strict interpretations on the Fourth Commandment, yet, I wonder just how much we have gained in wisdom and culture, in substituting Golf, the Sunday paper and motoring for regular church attendance, Bible reading and John Bunyon.

In Monmouth they found entirely new conditions as to land, soil and forests. In Virginia and Tennessee the soil was red or yellow clay with a good deal of rock in different forms mixed in and some real mountains. There were great forests of hard wood trees. In Indiana there were the hard wood trees but the soil was still a good part clay but much less rock. At Monmouth, Illinois, the soil was a deep black loam, no hills, trees or rocks. It was a small county seat town built almost in a swamp surrounded by a prairie covered by a tall grass called Blue Stem, from its color. During the hot dry summers when this tall grass became dead and dry prairie fires were common and a real menace to the early settlers. In order to protect their farm buildings they would keep a freshly plowed strip around them to keep the fires from

coming too close to their places. It was quite a common thing to be called on by a neighbor to help fight one of these fires.

And now that our family have arrived in Monmouth, Illinois, I think that it is fitting that we take some time out to trace our connections with the Stormonts who joined us at Princeton and many came on to Illinois and Ohio. The early ancestors of the Stormont Family came from Scotland and settled in North Ireland, probably in the latter part of the sixteenth century. Grandmother Hogue's maiden name was Rosanna Stormont. Her Great Grandfather Samuel Stormont, and wife Martha came from County Atrim, Ireland, in the early part of the seventeenth century, settled first in Pennsylvania and afterwards removed to South Carolina, locating in the Chester district of the state. They lived there and increased in numbers for two or three generations. Her Father was James Stormont and her mother Jane Sprowl Stormont. Grandmother was born in Chester County, South Carolina, on April 15th, 1814. She was one of twelve children.

A number of the members of the Stormont Family left their South Carolina homes and emigrated to northern states. This move was prompted by the desire to establish a home in a new country where better opportunities for agricultural pursuits were offered, a line of industry in which they all engaged; then they had the desire to establish a home where there were better school advantages than the south afforded. Generally the early Family of Stormonts, who were born and grew to manhood and womanhood in South Carolina had little schooling and a limited education but they realized their lack of education and school advantages for their children. But the motive that largely prompted their leaving their South Carolina homes was to get away from the blighting influence

of slavery to which they were all conscientiously opposed. One branch of the family came to Indiana and Ohio, one settled in southern Illinois and another remained in the south. In religion the Stormont Family of South Carolina were all of the Covenanter or Reformed Presbyterian Faith a faith that might be traced to the Covenanters of Scotland.

When Grandmother was 18 in 1832 she removed with her parents to Gibson County, Indiana and settled on what was known as the Indiana Creek Hills about four miles east of Princeton, Indiana. On January 30th, 1833 she was married to Joseph Woods Hogue the son of Samuel Hogue Jr., and Jane Woods Hogue. They were the parents of fourteen children.

-----000000000000000000000000-----

The above History of the Stormont Family was compiled by

Miss Norma Hutchison of Sidney, Ohio

-----000000000000000000000000-----

The Children of Joseph Woods Hogue and Rosanna Stormont Hogue.

<u>Name</u>	<u>Born</u>	<u>Died</u>
Samuel Crawford Hogue	Dec. 3, 1834 at Princeton, Ind.	July 2, 1899
James Milligan Hogue	Mar. 4, 1836 at Princeton, Ind.	April 14, 1922
John Newton Hogue	Sept. 22, 1837 Princeton, Ind.	Feb. 24, 1926
William McMaster Hogue	Oct. 22, 1839 Princeton, Ind.	Dec. 26, 1921
Joseph Addison Hogue	Oct. 18, 1841 Princeton, Ind.	July 14, 1844
David Calvin Hogue	Sept. 29, 1843 Princeton, Ind.	April 4, 1858
Helen Jane Hogue	Dec. 14, 1845 at Illinois	Sept. 26, 1846
Nancy Amanda Hogue	Oct. 15, 1847 at Illinois	Sept. 10, 1887
Theophilus Wylie Hogue	Oct. 12, 1849 at Illinois	Sept. 4, 1902
Mary Ann Hogue	July 6, 1852 at Illinois	Jan. 25, 1902
Martha Ellen Hogue	Sept. 16, 1854 at Illinois	Nov. 15, 1859
Francis Edwin Hogue	Nov. 22, 1856 at Illinois	Mar. 23, 1858
Sarah Emma Hogue	Jan. 4, 1859 at Illinois	Feb. 2, 1860
Elizabeth Jannette Hogue	Nov. 24, 1860 at Illinois	June 7, 1945

You will note that of the fourteen children born to them only

seven reached maturity and of these only five were blessed with children. Six died in infancy or early childhood. It was a day when little was known about proper child care and immunizations against the communicable childrens diseases. The nature and causes of infections were unknown. Trained nurses did not exist. Whiskey, calomel and laudanum were the principal drugs used. My Father used to talk about how many babies his mother had lost and wondered if they received the proper care. She kept them in a little rocking cradle and when they cried, which seemed to him to be most of the time, she would rock them back and forth, sometimes striking their little heads against the wooden sides until they would stop from exhaustion, as it seemed to him. But what could the poor helpless, overworked mother do with her sick baby in those crude times of ignorant doctors and a public without knowledge of some of the simplest rules of sanitation. It is a wonder that anybody survived. It was the day of the "Survival of the Fittest". My heart goes out to the poor little souls who could not overcome the hardship of childhood. I somehow feel that, in the economy of Heaven there must be a wonderful place where these Dear Souls complete their lives and have a part in the great eternity. But, then you know, I am not very orthodox.

Now let us get back to the Earth and our family as they move into Illinois and Monmouth. As far as I can ascertain both Samuel Jr., and wife came to Monmouth with their six children. A number of these were married and had children of their own so that they comprised quite a company. Another record says that Samuel Jr., died in Princeton, Ind., at the age of 77 in 1841, but I remember my father pointing out a grave in the Hickory Point Cemetery that he said was his grandfathers. It was only marked by a boulder with no lettering. His wife, Jane Hogue, died

in 1848 and is buried in the Old Pioneer Cemetery in Monmouth. Some of the children of Samuel Sr., and Margaret Hogue either came with the group or later and were active in the establishment of the Presbyterian Church in Monmouth. Margaret herself remained in Princeton and is buried by the side of her husband. One of her sons, George Hogue, is among the names of the founders of the Monmouth Presbyterian Church.

I have just learned that the reason Samuel Jr., had no named tombstone or marker on his grave in the Hickory Point Cemetery was that he was living with his son John Anderson Hogue at the time of last sickness and death sometime during the Civil War and that proper grave stones were very difficult to obtain at that time, so just a rough boulder was used to mark his grave at the time, so that was the one I saw with my Father years later.

As we have stated, Monmouth was laid out in what was really a swamp, with the business houses arranged in the form of a square around a small park in the center. There were hitching posts or racks for horses and wagons in the center and along all sides. The stores and business houses were located on all sides facing the center, and were connected by wooden sidewalks.

During wet weather and especially at the time of the spring thaw, this area would really become a swamp. It was no unusual sight to see a team and wagon mired down in the black sticky muck. Such was the Monmouth when my father first saw it in 1844 and it remained much the same for nearly fifty years when a Dr. Taylor became Mayor. He had pledged himself that if he did not do anything else, while in office, he would get the city out of the mud. In about 1889 he began to pave the streets with brick so that slowly and painfully (to the tax payer)

Monmouth rose from her bed of mud. Of course since that time hard surfaced roads and streets have become almost universal with the Six Lane Thruways of today. Perhaps our ancestors may have dreamed of such luxuries as they struggled over the crude roads and bypaths from Virginia to Tennessee, to Indiana and at last Monmouth, Illinois. They at least saw the need for good roads and it has been that need multiplied by the demands of millions of pioneers that has brought the wonderful highways of today. (The corduroy roads, made by logs laid side by side transversely across the roads were the early attempts.) Joseph Woods Hogue found a house about two blocks north west of the square. I do know just how long they lived there but some time later he and his older brother John Anderson Hogue moved with their families to a farm in the Hickory Point area. Here they built a shop for the repair and building of wagons, Joseph doing the wood work and John the iron or blacksmith work. (When I was a boy we had a hammer that Uncle John had made in this shop.)

I think that I should take a little time here and explain what and where this Hickory Point was. Warren County of which Monmouth was the county seat was in the western part of Illinois not far from the Mississippi River. Illinois was one of the great prairie states of the mid west with no heavy forests and only trees along her rivers and streams. One of these streams had its head waters some six miles south of Monmouth and along it was beginning to grow small Hickory trees. They had evidently started years before, at the Mississippi where the creek, as we called it, emptied and had reached this point in the county, so it was called Hickory Point. Eventually the whole country would have been covered with trees had not the settlers come in and begun to farm the land. Some of our families at first settled on rather poor farms

because they were along streams and had trees. They thought that the land was not fertile unless there were trees growing. They tell a good story in Henry County, Illinois, which is two counties north of Warren. When the first settlers came in from the east where they were accustomed to trees everywhere, they found not a tree in Henry County so they decided that the land must be worthless--would not even grow trees so they scorned the beautiful black loam of Henry County and settled on land that had to be cleared of brush and small trees along some streams. This went on for a number of years until all the poor land had been taken up. Then a group of Scandinavians arrived and saw this beautiful land all ready to plow, not a bush to be grubbed nor a tree to be felled and took the whole county. Sometimes it is called "Little Scandinavia". Their descendants have multiplied and still live there. It is one of the richest farming areas in the United States.

My father always seemed very fond of Uncle John and Aunt Annice and their children. As I remember him he was a quiet rather bashful man. One reason for this may have been that he had a facial deformity, called harelip, caused by the non-union of the palate bones. He was able to hide this by growing a large mustache. We now correct this condition by surgery when a child is young. But in his day that would have been out of the question, so he had to live with it and make the best of it, which to his credit he did. This condition is sometimes inherited and one of his sons was born with the same defect. I think his name was William Harvey and for some reason he lived with my father and mother for a time. While there, Uncle John had father take young Harvey to a surgeon who was able to correct the defect. Later when I was doing surgery myself I assisted in performing this operation and in one case

was able to do one under a local anaesthetic, but in the case of young Harvey I am puzzled how the surgeon of that day was able to do so difficult an operation without a general anaesthetic.

When I first knew my fathers family it consisted of seven adults out of the fourteen children born to Joseph Woods Hogue and Rosanna Stormont. They were four boys, Samuel Crawford, James Milligan, John Newton, William McMaster, and three girls, Nancy Amanda, Mary Ann, and Elizabeth Jennette. We will take up each one with their families and try, as best we can, to make them live again as we knew them. My hope is that other members of our group will add bits of history that will make this record more accurate, and more interesting.

Uncle Crawford was, perhaps, the more aggressive of the four brothers. You might call him a go getter as he seemed to be always out in front, at the head of things. He was ten years old when they arrived in Monmouth and the county seems to have had a very well organized common school system. I am sure that he took every advantage of it as in later life he had all the qualities of a well educated man. It is well to remember that this whole region was largely settled by Scotch Presbyterians. Monmouth College was established 1853 and Knox College fifteen miles east at Galesburg, both great educational institutions. The long winter months were spent in school but as he grew older and stronger he began to help in preparing the wild prairie land for cultivation. By the time that he was eighteen or twenty he had acquired a team of six oxen and was breaking up the tough sod that had never known a plow. This was a good source of income as he charged so much by the acre. This was all right for the summers but left him idle in the winters, so he applied for a teaching job in one of the country schools. Here he ran up against the difficulty that he would have to pass an examination to obtain a

certificate permitting him to teach. This had to be taken before the County Superintendent of Schools. He told me how, on the appointed day he went to the Superintendent's office and found him busy, so he sat in the waiting room, "shaking in his boots", AND THEY WERE boots as no one wore shoes in that muddy country. At last the Superintendent came and seeing Uncle Crawford waiting, roared out the single question, "Young man what will cure the Itch?" Our surprised Uncle managed to stutter out "Sulphur and lard". "Correct" was the answer. "Come in to my office and I will make out your certificate. That is all you will need to know out in that district where you are to teach." Said the Superintendent. We might add that parasitic diseases were very common in the schools at that time. We will discuss that more fully when we come to our own school days. So Uncle Crawford taught school in the winter and broke sod in the summer. We wish that we might have seen him cracking that "Bull Whip" over those six oxen as they turned furrow after furrow across that open prairie. I wonder if his skillful knowledge of how to use that whip did not help him to keep the big boys in order. Some of them were very rough in those early days. These activities brought him into an ever widening circle of friends. He had a fine tenor voice and for years led the singing in the United Presbyterian Church at Kirkwood, Illinois, and he did it without the aid of any musical instrument except the humble tuning fork. He took a great interest in Sunday Schools of the county and for a number of years was the head of the County S.S. Association. He married a Miss Elizabeth Ward, a cousin of my mother. They never were blessed with children, but took an orphan boy to live with them. I do not think that they adopted him, although he went by the name of Elmer Hogue. He was of rather unstable character,

and it was feared that all of Uncle Crawford's efforts had been wasted on him. Fortunately when Elmer started out on his own he visited Rock Island, where the Government maintains a military establishment with a few soldiers as guards. This is on an island out in the Mississippi River. Here something seemed to appeal to him, either the beauty of the place or the glamour of wearing a uniform, anyway he enlisted for a term of five years. This turned out to have been the best possible thing that could have happened to him as he came out of the service quite a dependable young man. He married and went to the west coast and as far as we know lived a normal life. Uncle Crawford remembered him in his will. Uncle Crawford had one weakness that nearly cost him his life several times, and may have shortened his life. He loved spirited horses and in working with them was seriously injured a number of times. I remember that at least once he was badly crushed and injured internally by the horse lunging against him jamming him against the wall of the stall. Once he was kicked and laid up for some time, yet he seemed to enjoy working with ugly tempered horses. He built a nice modern home on his farm and enjoyed it for a number of years, then moved into Monmouth and had a pleasant place near the Second United Presbyterian Church, and the college. He enjoyed the life there in the church and being surrounded with students, but he had had too many injuries, his health failed and he passed away in early 1900, at what was really an early age at sixty five. All his brothers lived on for nearly twenty years longer into their eighties. I wish that I had known him better for he was a fine character and a forward looking man. As I look over my notes on our Great Uncle Samuel Hogue Sr., I cannot help but see a striking similarity with our own Uncle Samuel Crawford. Both were recognized as leaders.

They were Ruling Elders in their Scotch Presbyterian Churches. They were singers and led the choirs. They both had that indefinable something, that made them stand apart from the ordinary man and causes others to seek them for advice when in need. In his will he remembered all his nieces and nephews with \$100.00. I have always been sorry that I did not invest my \$100. in a savings account and let it grow into something larger to pass on down to my grand children. But just at that time I was in the first year of my medical practice and needed all the money for buying equipment, so I was most thankful for Uncle Crawford's thoughtfulness.

The next brother was Uncle John Newton Hogue. He first married Miss Mary Walker of Pawnee City, Nebraska, where they made their home. We called her Aunt Mollie. They made occasional visits to see us. I remember that on one of their visits, it was the time that a great meteor crossed the United States. It became visible first over New Mexico and exploding with a terrific report in the region of Buffalo, New York. (Uncle John and Aunt Mollie happened to be up and saw it.) My sister Minnie saw the light as if the sun were shining -- it occurred about midnight. The explosion got everyone out of bed or out of doors to see what had happened. It caused considerable excitement at the time, but I have often wondered why it was that I have never seen much about it since as this must have happened about 1875, and it was a marvelous display at the time. I never knew what caused Aunt Mollie to walk out on Uncle John. One time was when back east on a visit. He was a kindly likable man. I am sure he could not have given her any cause. She must have been unstable in her character as she later wanted to come back to him, but he secured a divorce and married a widow, Mrs. Jennie Gordon of Pawnee City. She made him a fine companion until her death. Then he went to live with

his adopted son Charlie who was a guard in the State prison at Hutchison, Kansas. Here he had a real home to spend his declining years for although Charlie Hogue was only an adopted son out of an orphanage he was a real son to Uncle John. His wife never knew that he was not Uncle's own son. He lived to the good old age of eighty nine.

During the Civil War Uncles Crawford and John were stationed at Fort Donaldson, where after being in one battle they were continued there on guard duty until the end of the war. Their wives were allowed to join them and were furnished living quarters so that their military experience was not too unpleasant. Their brother James, whom we take up next, always said that Crawford and John did not see enough of the war to know what it was all about.

Uncle James or Uncle Jimmie as we all lovingly called him was the real soldier of the family. He was in the 36th.. regiment of the Illinois Volunteers. They had the reputation of being in more battles than any other regiment. He was with General Sherman in his march on and capture of Atlanta, but did not go on with him in his "March to the Sea". He was engaged in many other encounters as Pea Ridge, Perry Ville, Nashville, Stone Mountain, Murfreesboro, Chattanooga, Lookout Mountain and Kenesaw Mountain. He was fortunate in never being wounded, and when captured once soon escaped and made his way back to the Union lines. He married Miss Emline McLean. From this union came four children. They are Anna Lela and Wilber. Three have lived to add prestige and honor to our name. The fourth, Blanche, died in early girlhood. There is rather an interesting story told about the 36th Regiment of the Illinois Volunteers. There were four James Hagues in Company K of this Regiment, James Calhoun Hogue, James Milligan Hogue, (Uncle Jimmie) James Henry Hogue

and James Hamilton Hogue. They were all cousins, although I cannot place the last named. (I have since learned that he was a double cousin of James Henry Hogue). The most of the regiment came from around Aurora, Illinois, but Company K came mostly from Warren County. It was called Sherman's Pets as it was one of the best drilled and most dependable of all the troops under his command. The commanding officer was a French Canadian, Colonel Greusel who had been an officer in the Black War. He had a young colored boy as his personal attendant, who when he heard of the four James Hagues, exclaimed "What, Four Jeemeses, all brothers?". James Hamilton Hogue died of measles and was buried in Arkansas. Measles was a very fatal epidemic disease during the Civil War. What wonderful progress we have made since then in controlling this type infection. The other three Jameses returned safely to their homes, and the first born in each family was named Anna, another co-incidet.

Uncle James on his return from the army lived with his family in and around Kirkwood or Little America as it was first called. I remember that when we were small children that for a time they lived on a neighboring farm and what fun we had playing together. At one time there was a large number of people from Warren County went out to Kansas to acquire government land that was being offered for settlement. The idea was to raise wheat on this new land which they said could be done cheaply and without too much work. Uncle Jimmie was among those who made this venture. This could have been a wise move if only the weather man had co-operated, but it did not rain that first year nor the next and not only wheat did not grow nor anything else, so they came back to the farm near us and we children went on with our playing as if they had never been away. I suppose that this is the reason that I have felt nearer them

than to many of the other cousins.

Because of his long and varied service in the army Uncle Jimmie had a great number of experiences, some very sad others quite laughable. I enjoyed nothing better than to get him started telling army stories. The Civil War was such a mistake. He used to tell how sometimes in the evenings, between battles the military bands of the two armies would serenade each other. They were at times that close together. The Northern band would play "America" then Confederates would come back with "Dixie". Then back and forth they would play old favorites such as well known hymns. Then the next day they would be sent into battle again. It was a war of brother against brother. There were many Scotch Presbyterians on both sides. If they only could have kept cool and had patience with each other, it would have been settled without hate or bloodshed. I wonder if we have learned our lesson and will not let the ruling of the Supreme Court on Segregation upset our reason and emotions? I am sure that our Uncle would never favor resorting to force to settle differences, for he was a good man; a man of peace. Not, perhaps as aggressive as his brother Crawford but a solid citizen, the kind that has made America the great country that she is. He lived to see their three children succeed in their chosen fields of endeavor and bring honor to themselves and to our whole family, and then went to his rest a few weeks before his eighty-sixth birthday.

Anna, the older daughter of Uncle James and Aunt Emma, has made a notable success as a teacher. After completing high school, she took a special course in Kindergarden work in a school in Galesburg, Illinois. Then she spent several summers, during the years, taking courses along the lines of her work at the Chicago University. She then became the

superintendent of the primary department in the Kirkwood schools for 24 years and taught for five more in Monmouth after she moved with her family to that city. She has made a name for herself in this line of work. She had the rare talent not only to instruct her pupils, but to win their confidence and love. Then what was even more important she gained the respect and support of their parents. Yes, Anna has been a great teacher. She is a great character. The Community is much better because of her long life in it. Since her retirement she has married my old college friend, Rev. John A. Mahaffy, also retired. They are now living in Monmouth and can both, happily, look back on well spent lives. She still loves children, young or old.

The next younger daughter, Lela, has shown great initiative and business ability. After completing high school, she had an urge to know more about business, so entered and graduated from Brown Business College in Galesburg, Ill. She then took the position of bookkeeper for the Monmouth Plow Company, which occupied the site of the old Weir Plow Company. Soon after she entered the employment of this company it changed its name to The Brown Lynch-Scott Company and greatly expanded its business into a catalogue selling firm. At first she was bookkeeper and cashier, later she became assistant Manager and contributed much to the growth and success of the company. She is now retired after forty five years of notable service.

Wilber, the only son has spent a busy life in business and as an accountant. Received his education in the Kirkwood High Schools and Monmouth College, then for a number of years was teller in the Kirkwood National Bank. He became interested in an irrigation project in Idaho which had great promise. He staked a claim and spent nine years devel-

oping it. Unfortunately the irrigation company had miscalculated their ability to supply enough water and so had to reduce the amount. The result was that a large part of the area became dry again so that Wilber with many others had to abandon their claims. He returned to Monmouth and served as an accountant for a number of firms. He is now retired and keeps busy around his home and in helping in the work of the Third United Presbyterian Church of which like his ancestors he is a Ruling Elder. He married Florence Norman, a daughter of an English couple, who had come to this country when they were young people. Wilber and Florence have one daughter, Janet, who is one of the Hogues of whom we may well be proud. After finishing highschool she entered Monmouth College, graduating with honor and then went to the Pittsburgh-Xenia Seminary and took the Bible course to prepare her to work in churches as a pastors assistant, a most worthy ambition. She is now the wife of the Rev. Garth Barber. At present they are ministering to the needs of a rural church at Perry, Ohio. I am sure that they will do a fine piece of work in whatever part of The Lords Vineyard they may be found. So much for Uncle Jimmie's Family. I do not think that our Scotch ancestors can look down with any disapproval for anything that they have accomplished.

My father was born on October 22, 1839 at Princeton, Indiana, and was five years old when his family moved to Monmouth, Illinois. He attended the regular country school and appeared to have acquired an excellent common school education. He was a fine reader, and good in arithmetic. My mother was Sarah Jane McCoy, who was born on October 27, 1840, in a log cabin, out in the country north west of Monmouth known as the Sugar Tree District. Her father was Alexander McCoy and

her mother was Jane Ward. Her parents first lived near Cedarville, Ohio and were some of the Scotch Presbyterians who came north to escape slavery. Already a number of their families had come to Monmouth. There were the Turnbells, the Mitchells and Wards. Sometime before 1839 Grandfather McCoy decided to join their friends at Monmouth. He seems to have feared the long over land trip so took his family by canal to Cincinnati, Ohio, then down the Ohio River to Cairo, Illinois, by boat and up the Mississippi River to Oquawqua, Illinois. There he arrived with his wife and five children and 10 cents. As there was no one there to meet them he managed to find some place for them to stay while he went on foot some 20 miles through the wilderness to find his brother-in-law Mr. Alex Turnbull, living N.W. of Monmouth. Here he secured horses and wagon and returned for his family. With the help of the Turnbells and other kindly neighbors a log cabin was soon built and here my mother was born in 1840. Mother seems to have obtained a very good education and taught school for a number of years. One year she taught in the district where Uncle Crawford and Aunt Lizzie lived and as they called it then boarded with them. That led to the romance of my Father and Mother. They were married on March 19, 1863 and lived on a farm 2-1/2 miles from Kirkwood and 5 miles s. w. of Monmouth. Here we four children were born. Mother was a fine reader and my earliest recollection of her was how, after supper each evening she would gather us all around the lamp in the living room and read some great novel or good work of literature as Scott or Dickens. She was always a leader in the Missionary Society and Lady's-Aid and often attended their national conventions. She had the rare ability of getting things accomplished. I remember coming home, once after the

folks had moved into Monmouth from the farm, and found that she had charge of the alumni banquet, and she got away with it. Father was a most devout Christian. He had family worship morning and evening which was always opened by singing a Psalm. He had a good voice, although not so good as Uncle Crawford. He read his Bible often and was a constant newspaper reader. As a boy when we lived on the farm, I remember, we took the Chicago Inter Ocean. It came once a week and was carefully read.

The Inter Ocean was a Republican paper for Father had been a Lincoln Republican since he had cast his first vote for Lincoln for President. He attended the great Lincoln Douglas Debate at Galesburg, Illinois. He was also a great admirer of James G. Blaine and was disappointed that he was not able to win the presidency. During the War between the States Father was kept out of service by a severe attack of Trachoma. A contagious infection of the conjunctiva and lids of the eyes. This disease was quite common at that time and continued a problem in the mountains of eastern Tennessee and Kentucky until recently. He was confined to a dark room for weeks and when finally cured by the application of "blue vitriol" (copper sulphate) the eye lids were so scarred and contracted that the eye lashes were drawn into the eyes causing a painful scratching of the corneas unless they were frequently pulled out. One of my first memories of my parents was seeing mother with a pair of tweezers in her hand, having Father sitting facing a window, in order to have a good light, pulling out these eye lashes. In spite of this condition he had excellent vision, and did a great deal of constructive reading. In his latter years he could have passed for a college graduate. He was always interested in moral

issues and early became disgusted with the REPUBLICAN PARTY, because it did not come forward with any plan to lessen evils of the Liquor Traffic, so that he joined and voted with the Prohibition Party, in the 1880's, and continued to do so the rest of his life. In a way this was unfortunate, as most of his men friends were old soldiers and deeply dyed Republicans and looked on him as not being completely loyal since he had left the party that had saved the Union. Father felt this rather keenly and I was sorry that it should happen to him in his old age. Yet I believe he was right. The Republican Party has had a glorious past. It did produce a Lincoln, carry the country through the Civil War and the Reconstruction Period. But new problems have come and will come. They must be met with intelligent patriotism and there is no time for self praise or congratulations. This, no doubt, accounts for the large number of independent voters today. But right after the Civil War the Old Soldier was understandably an ardent Republican. He had been through a bitter experience.

I have always been thankful to Father for his example in independent thinking in religion and politics. Christianity was Righteous living, not Presbyterianism or Methodism. It was the duty of every citizen to see to electing the best possible candidate to office, regardless of party. He was concerned that we children have the best possible education that he could afford. Farmers did not have any government price supports nor subsidies. Hogs would go down to 3¢ and corn to 25¢. We often harvested a crop at a loss. There were four of us, two girls and two boys.

My older sister, Minnie Ethel, born on Washington's Birthday, February 22, 1864, died March 13, 1947. She spent a year or two in Monmouth College, then as she wished to prepare herself to teach, went

to the State Normal College at Bloomington, Illinois. She continued teaching until her marriage to the Rev. W. M. McConnell. Calvin Edwin was born September 1, 1865, my only brother, and was only about a year younger than Minnie. Mother used to delight to tell how much fun it was to watch the two grow up together and how they would talk and chatter together. After Calvin finished high school he entered a business college at Burlington, Iowa, and became an expert bookkeeper. Then bought an interest in a furniture store in Monmouth, which he conducted with success. He married Miss Jennie Jane Jamieson.

And now here is where I come in. I should have had my mother write all this up and leave it for posterity, for she is the only one who could give an accurate account of just what happened. I am sure of one thing that I made all the trouble to everybody that I could. I think the old Doctors name was Dr. Biddle. It was October 4, 1870 and the weather and roads should have been good, no cold or mud. One or two neighboring women and Aunt Amanda, who lived about a mile distant were probably present. The Doctor arrived, then in due time I arrived without real damage to myself or my mother. I was given my first bath and started on my career that so far has been going on for 85 years. As I look back over these years I can see many faults which I developed which did not make me any more popular with my fellow sinners. Brother Calvin was five years and one month older than I, so that he felt it was his brotherly duty to see that I grew up a model young man. I took to this idea with all the enthusiasm that a duck takes to dry land. He had a favorite word to describe my attitude to his plan. He said that I was "obstreperous". Poor patient Calvin, never did an older brother have a meaner more cantankerous kid brother

than I was in those days. I recall them with considerable shame. No boy ever had a finer brother than I had in Calvin. I am happy I can now say that I began to realize this before it was too late and became much less a torment, before he married and left home. Six years after my arrival, October 11, 1876, baby sister Inez joined the family. We all four received our early education at the Tubbs School, a distance of a mile from our house. We walked it in good weather and drove ole Nellie to a sled when there was snow. The sled was one made by father, as he was rather clever in making such things. He would cover the sliding surface of the runners with a strip of a hickory sappling. It would wear almost as well as a strip of iron. Father's ability to make and repair many of the things we used on the farm revealed how close he was to the pioneer days in his thinking. He was creative in his ideas and often self sufficient and made many things we used on the farm.

The Tubbs School House was located on an unfenced corner lot barren of trees or shrubs. I remember it as a bleak unattractive place. But there were a number of redeeming features, a good hill on the road for sliding when there was snow and a pasture near by we used for a ball park, where we played Town Ball. Also about a fourth of a mile to the south there was a beautiful grove of hickory trees and hazel nuts. The attendance was made up of the Rusks, Smiths, Randalls, Tubbs, Spences Hollidays and Hagues - ourselves and some of Uncle Jimmie's children. I remember how Lela was injured, rather painfully but not seriously on the slide down hill one winter. The Tubbs and Rusks were cousins and they had an uncle in Kirkwood who became quite prominent. He had at some time been some kind of a doctor so was called

Dr. Tubbs. He organized a bank there which afterward moved to Monmouth. He built one of the most beautiful homes in the Village, which has been occupied, until her recent death, by his daughter Mrs. Mira Ricketts. His oldest son, Henry, was stricken with acute appendicitis, just as he was entering college, and died. The medical profession had not yet discovered the safe surgical treatment for this condition. It was a ruptured appendix and was called inflammation of the bowels. It was always fatal. Modern surgery has taken most of the dread out of this type of infection. Dr. Tubbs was deeply grieved by the untimely death of his son as he had planned great things for him. Yet strange to say subsequent events have shown that his family have accomplished much more than ever young Henry might have been able to achieve. His cousin Willard Tubbs took over the bank and conducted it with marked success and his sister Mira married a young doctor, Henry Ricketts, who was engaged in research work and who later became famous when his investigations led to the discovery of the cause and cure of Mountain Fever. The tragic part was that in the course of his study he became infected himself and paid the price of his discovery with his own life. His son Dr. Henry Ricketts is now in research work and is carrying on for both his father and young Henry Tubbs, whose lives seem to have been cut short.

Now let us return to the pupils who attended the old school. There were three Rusks, two boys, Willard and Ed and a girl Fannie. She to my youthful eyes a very pretty girl so she was the sweetheart of all the boys. Later she developed some t.b. of the lungs and her folks decided to take her west to a dryer climate. On the trip she became infected, I think with mountain fever, and died. I was one of

the pall bearers at her funeral. My seat mates were either Henry Smith or Frank Randall, as our seats were for two pupils. Frank was the better natured, and Henry the livelier. After leaving school I think he went to Oregon or Washington State. I understand that he was a success in business, but I never saw him again. Frank made rather an unfortunate marriage in that the girl he married seemed to never grow up but remained rather immature. Frank gave her every possible care. Fortunately for both she passed away in her early womanhood. Later he married again and visited with us when we were living in Springfield. They seemed to be a well mated couple and he had all the marks of prosperity. I was glad as he was a fine boy and a fine man. Elzada Holiday and her sister Ida were among those who attended The Tubbs School. Elzada, as you remember married Claude Barnum. She was a fine looking and appearing girl and I could have been interested in her myself had not my cousin Claude shown such a decided interest in her that he practically hung a sign on her "This is my private property, Keep Out". Years later she dropped a remark that led me to wonder if she would not have welcomed some competition for her hand back in those old school days.

The only Tubbs Family that lived near the school had their home west and across the road. It was near enough that we carried our drinking water from their well. Two of their boys came to school. The older one was an epileptic and had frequent attacks in school. His younger brother seemed to know how to take care of him. One of the nicest boys in the school lived on the adjoining farm we had to cross on our way to school. He was known as "Sooner" Spence. He acquired the silly nickname in the following manner. Some of the Smart Alec boys suggested

that we ask him whether he would like to go to school today or would he "sooner" go fishing. Of course he said he would "sooner" go fishing. So from that day on he was Sooner Spence.

The Randalls were cousins of the Roberts, who lived on the farm just east of us. Robbie Roberts was my constant playmate. They were part of a group of families that had come to Warren County, Illinois about the same time that our people had arrived. They had come from Herkimer County, New York. Among them were several families by the name of Lamphere, Billings, Francis and also a family by the name of Stienmares. We always called them Yankees as they had a sharp high keyed accent. I have often wondered where their origin may have been. My playmate Bobbie Roberts had a tb. infected hip which we cure today but in those days the proper surgery had not been developed so poor little Robert was allowed to die after a long illness. He was a fine companion.

We had a most interesting neighborhood and school. From a religious standpoint we were Methodists and United Presbyterians. The best teachers we ever had were the McClanahan brothers. Their father taught surveying in Monmouth College. They each taught the school for two years and were real teachers. We had some women teachers. Among the best was Miss Bender, Miss McClung, Miss Della Nelson. I must have been a pest to them, as I was always insisting on using other text books rather than the ones used in the school. Father was one of the directors and would receive samples of new text books being published, so in order to be up to date I would insist in using these new books. You see I was living up to what my brother Calvin said I was, "Obstrep-erous". Those teachers should have taken me by the back of the neck

and thrown me through the door so far that I would have had a hard time to find my way back. But some way I got away with it and really acquired a good education.

We had Spelling Bees and Entertainment Nights with Dialogues in costumes, trying to imagine that we were great actors. Those years passed all too quickly. They were just preparatory to our becoming actors on the larger and broader stage of life. After I finished high school in Kirkwood, I went to Prep-school in Monmouth College for the fall and winter terms. I drove in a cart in the fall and stayed with Aunt Nancy during the week in the winter, boarding for my meals at a student club at Mrs. Waid's house on Saturdays. I usually was able to go to Kirkwood by train, then walk the two and one half miles home or the folks would meet me there. I would help Father with the farm work, then back in college Monday. When spring came I dropped out of college, for the time, fixed up my room as a study for nights and rainy days and sometimes took a book to the field with me so as to study while resting the horses (we had riding plows so I could ride part of the time). I kept in touch with the progress the class was making through my cousin Mable Mitchell, who was a class mate. By fall Sister Inez was ready to enter high school, I wanted to return to college and brother Calvin was already in Monmouth, as he purchased an interest in a furniture store, so Father sold the farm and we all moved to Monmouth. I had no difficulty in passing the examinations in Greek and Latin which I had studied during the summer, but when it came to Professor Rodgers and mathematics, that was a matter of a wholly different character. Nobody ever made up mathematics out of class. Well, here is where my greatest fault came to my rescue. I was not noisely obstrep-

erous but I must have acted as if I were determined, for after a bit arguing, his face hardened into a determined look, and I seemed to hear him saying to himself, "All right, you Young Smart Alex, if you want to be flunked I can flunk you". What he did say, very sternly, was "Go to the Board". So I stepped over to the black board and awaited his first problem. Now here was where he failed in his judgment of me. That I would go up against an examination without being prepared. My cousin Mabel had told me that they had had three rather tricky problems in Math., and that Professor Rodgers had spent a good deal of time on them. So I did likewise and of course those were the three he gave me on that test, and I worked them all. As I was working I could feel that he was relaxing. When I had finished, he said rather slowly, "Yes that is correct, but if you had been in class you would have learned a shorter and easier method. It will be all right you can come into the class". From that time on he was one of my best friends on the faculty and I was a favorite in his class. Prof. Thomas Rodgers was an outstanding character and mathematician. He appreciated honest endeavor on the part of his students. I have always been sorry that I could not have had more of the higher mathematics under his instruction for a study of our universe is really based on mathematics.

And now I think that we must pause for a time and take up more of my Mothers family history. As we already know her father was Alexander McCoy and her Mother, Jane Ward. Unfortunately we do not have much as to their ancestry except that they were Scotch Irish Presbyterians and so had the same theological background as our own family. There were three girls and three boys in mothers family. The girls were Nancy, Mary and Mother, Sarah Jane. The boys were Nelson, James

and David. I never saw Nelson, as he went west at the time of the gold rush (1849) when mother was a little girl, and never returned. Mother always seemed sad whenever his name was brought up, as if he were dead. He had always been such a good, dependable boy, until he got to going with a wild crowd, then he insisted on leaving home. David heard a few times from him, that he was married and had settled with his family near Salem, Oregon. At the 1893 Worlds Fair we saw a sample of fine wheat marked McCoy from Salem, Oregon. We wonder if there might be any connection with our Uncle Nelson. To me he has always been rather a romantic figure that I would meet some day or his children and hear stories of early hardships and adventure. Uncle James or Jim as we called him never lived around Monmouth very much after my day. He had one daughter Jennie who married a man by the name of John Rockefeller. I never heard that he owned any oil wells - I know that they lived for a time in Steel, N.D. They moved to California at the time of Uncle Jim's death. David, as far as I know always lived around Monmouth. His wife, Aunt Kate, was a wonderful woman, full of energy. They had four fine children. Nelson, the older, named for his uncle, was a successful business man engaged in the manufacture and sale of cigars. He was among the first in Monmouth to have an automobile. He made an unfortunate marriage, that ended in separation, due to no fault on his part. He did not let it spoil his life but went ahead and cared for an orphaned niece as if she were his own child and was most thoughtful for his mother and the other members of his family. His niece was the daughter of his youngest brother, Robert, who moved to California where he died early in his married life and left this one child. Her Uncle Nelson brought her to Monmouth and cared for her

until her mother married again then she returned to California. I have inserted this little human interest story as it throws a fine light on Nelsons character. He seems to have been everything that my Mother thought her brother Nelson should have been. The second boy, Merrill, was a sort of rollypolly fat boy that everybody loved. For a time he was in business with his brother then later went to Chicago and became a guard in one of the large financial institutions of the city. He had three daughters, who live in Chicago, are married and have done well. I have no knowledge of what became of them. The third child was a girl Hattie. As I remember her she was a tall girl looking very much like her mother. She married a Thomas Young. They had three daughters and were living with one of them in Omaha, Nebraska, when they celebrated their 50th Anniversary. Both have died since then.

My Grandfather, Alexander McCoy, died rather early in life probably from some form of cerebral haemorrhage. He had just held a public auction of live stock on his farm and they were cleaning up after the sale when he suddenly began to complain of a severe pain in his head. In a short time he was dead. I do not know whether they held a post-mortem or not, but Mother always felt that something happened in his head. After his death Nancy the oldest daughter moved to Monmouth with her mother and set up a loom in one room of the house and did carpet and rug weaving. I can remember the big old loom as it stood there with the half finished carpet and shuttle in place. And what a booming it made when Aunt Nancy was working it at full speed. Later she married a widower, Uncle John Barton. I never knew who he was or how he came to marry Aunt Nancy. All I seem to remember is that he seemed to have a goodly number of Gold Bonds in the bank that paid 4%, and that we were

glad that she did not have to weave carpet for a living. She lived to nurse Uncle John through a prolonged illness of creeping paralysis due to a series of cerebral haemorrhages. It was a most distressing condition, but she went through it bravely. I am sure that she earned all of the gold bonds that were ever spent on her. I was often in her home, lived there while in college one winter. I have a set of books she gave me and I prize them very much, BEACON LIGHTS OF HISTORY by John Lord. I still have them in my library. I trust that my grandchildren will read all of them, as they are historical sketches of the great men who have made history down through the years. They are permanent reference books. Aunt Nannie was a great woman. I am looking forward to seeing her on the other side. Before her marriage she lived in a small house near the rail road tracks in the S.E. section of Monmouth. After her marriage she went with Uncle Barton to his house west of the square near the site of the old First U.P. Church. She lived there by herself for a number of years, after Uncle John's death, then about 1892 or 93 she passed away due to an attack of pneumonia.

I have no knowledge of Mother's sister Mary except that she married a Michael Kettering, and that she and her husband and my Grandmother McCoy died about the time of my birth. I seem to remember that my Mother told that these three people all died about the same time.

Grandmother McCoy had a brother Uncle Enos Ward living in Monmouth, Aunt Beckey was his second wife. He and his first wife were the parents of Elizabeth Ward who married Uncle Crawford. I can well remember the wonderful meals Aunt Becky cooked when we went--as was the custom--for an all day visit. He loved to argue about religion and the conduct of Christians. I do not think that he went to church himself but enjoyed

telling others how they should conduct themselves. He would wait until after dinner then start to argue until it was time to go home. I was too young to know what it was all about, but I remember hearing Father say that he thought Uncle Enos critized the church too much. As I piece together what I remember of those arguments I am quite convinced that our Uncle belonged to that too large a class of individuals who do not want to make the sacrifices necessary to leading an active Christian life, so try to hide their own lack of devotion by throwing up a smoke screen of criticism. Many of them rarely attend church. I fear Uncle Enos was among these.

As already mentioned our Uncle Crawford married Enos' daughter Elizabeth so that Father and Uncle Crawford were married to cousins. I wish that I knew more about the Wards. There were two families of them of whom Mother seemed to be quite proud and wanted to keep in touch with them. They seemed to be the aristocracy on her side of the house. One family lived in LaFayette, Indiana. One brother, Thomas, was a judge on the Indiana Supreme Court, later was elected to Congress and moved to Washington, D.C., with his two daughters. His brother William owned a large carpet and furniture store, in Lafayette in partnership with his sisters husband, James Rainey. I remember how pleased Mother was when she was able to buy enough carpet from them to cover the pulpit platform in the old church at Kirkwood. Mother and Father visited them in Lafayette a number of times and the three men came to our home on the farm on one occasion. It was a surprise visit and apparently without any object. My folks always thought that there must have been some very urgent reason why they wanted to be away from home on that certain day. Perhaps to escape a summons or a law suit. I

have never been to Lafayette, and it has been a disappointment for as a boy I dreamed many a romantic dream about these Wards. There was a young man, and Thomas Ward had two daughters. I do not know what became of any of them after they moved to Washington. The other family lived in Chicago. There was George who was a successful commission man out at the Stockyards. He had a wife and two daughters and two unmarried sisters. The daughters married a good deal of wealth. Especially the older, Pearl, she married the son of one of the old wealthy Chicago families who owned the last corner building acquired by Marshall Field and Company to finish out their block covering building, between State Street and Wabash Avenue. It must have cost them plenty. I visited George and his family once (Mother tried to show us children off to them). I called on him at his office at the stockyards and as I was there over the weekend he took me to a Presbyterian Church on Sabbath. For some reason I felt embarrassed about staying in their home so left in the evening and went to the old Morrison Hotel and slept six in a room as The Democratic Party's National Convention opened the next day. It was the one that nominated Grover Cleveland for president the first time. That was more fun than visiting relatives. Tammany Hall and the Wigwam with Indians were there so there was never a dull moment. I have never seen nor heard anything of the Wards of Chicago since, but I certainly have seen a great abundance of Democrats, too many, sometimes in one place. I think now I prefer relatives. I hope that some of our children, before it is too late may do some research work on the Ward Family and write up their history. I am sure that it would make a nice addition to the Hogue, McCoy, and Stormont histories.

You remember the examination our Uncle Crawford had to take to

obtain certificate to teach school, and no doubt you were surprised at the question the Superintendant asked him, "What will cure the itch?" But I remember how Mother was on the constant alert for different forms of parasitic diseases of which Itch is one and fully as common was head lice. These, of course, are diseases of filth and in the early days there would always be one or two families in a school district that did not bathe too carefully--this was before the days of bathrooms and hot water systems--so we were under constant inspection by mother. A favorite place for the Itch was between the fingers and that is where the sulphur was applied. For the other "little beasties" she kept on hand the proper tools and poisons to find and destroy them, a special fine toothed comb, to find and hunt them out of our heavy heads of hair, then apply the poison, a fine red powder known to us as "precipity". It was really the Red Precipitate of Mercury, but being ignorant of chemical reactions we just shortened it into one word "precipity" and Mother kept on shortening the lives of the little animals that lived in our hair. I can well remember going with Father to Starks Drug Store in Kirkwood and asking for a 1/2 oz. of "precipity" and the old druggist, without batting an eye would hand him a package of Red precipitate of Mercury. It was very poisonous so where do you suppose he kept it? You would never guess. In the old Seth Thomas clock along with the deed to the farm. I had forgotten all about the little pests until the boys came home from World War I and told about the vermin they had to endure in their life in the trenches. It made me realize what a filthy thing War is. It lets loose, on mankind, everything that is most vile. You can't even have a clean undershirt or love your neighbor and be a good fighting soldier in a battle. There is nothing noble or heroic

about the slaughter of thousands in battle. The church has had two thousand years in which to teach mankind a better way of settling quarrels. May we not hope that the moral and physical filth of war may so disgust the leaders in all countries that they will adopt more sane and Christian methods in resolving their differences. I was born shortly after the close of the War Between the States and grew up among much of the bitterness left by that war. Only now, 90 years later is the racial question being settled and it looks as if it will be some time yet before it will be completely settled. The recent Supreme Court decision on segregation seems to have started it all over again. Wars rarely settle anything right. We have fought two world wars to "Make the World Safe for Democracy" and democracy is in more danger than ever. There are many hopeful signs that men are turning to a better way of learning to live together than by using the "Big Stick" in dealing with one another.

My older sister, Minnie Esther, continued to be a successful teacher in "The Little Red School Houses" until her marriage to the Rev. W. T. McConnell, May 6th, 1890. He had been our pastor at Kirkwood for a number of years where his first wife died leaving him a widower with five small children, one of them a baby girl, Mildred. A short time after his wife's death he received a call from a church in Des Moines, Iowa. Within a year or two he returned for Minnie. They were married and she went with him to Des Moines to be a mother to his motherless children. In this she was greatly assisted by the eldest daughter, Lillian, who had become a regular little mother herself, and who now became a most devoted daughter to sister Minnie. This close relationship remained so long as my sister lived. Rev. McConnell was

a good man and an excellent preacher. He occupied a number of pastorates during his ministry. One was in Des Moines, Iowa, another at Walton, Kansas and for a short time they were at Lancaster, Ohio. His two longer pastorates were at Turtle Creek, Pa., just east of Pittsburgh and at St. Joseph, Missouri. At Turtle Creek the parsonage was on low ground near a creek that frequently overflowed after a thunder shower. During one summer they had their basement filled with muddy water five times. Enough "to try the patience of a Saint", and that about describes Sister Minnie. Of all the Hagues I have ever known I think that she came the nearest to having a saintly personality, but with it all she was a good sport and plenty of fun.

The eldest daughter, Lillian, has been one of the outstanding members of this family. After finishing high school she attended a course at the Moody Bible Institute in Chicago, then volunteered as a missionary in the United Presbyterian Missions in India where she gave her dedicated services for over fifty years. She is now in a home for retired Missionaries in Pittsburgh. We are giving space to these step-children of Sister Minnie because much of their success was, in a measure, due to the home life she made it possible for them to enjoy as children.

During his pastorate at Turtle Creek, Rev. McConnell's second daughter Gertrude met and married William Mitchell, a son of one of the Elders in the church. He was connected with one of the manufacturing firms and after a successful life they have retired and are living in their home in Lake Winona, Indiana. They have two children a son Dale who is an officer in a bank and a daughter Evaline, now the wife of the Rev. John Bullock in Mesa, Arizona. The two sons in the

older group of children, Walter and Ralph, have given a good account of themselves as they have both been highly successful salesmen for a Building Service Company, The F. W. Dodge Construction Reports. Both are now retired. Mildred, who was the baby at the time of her mothers death, was perhaps the beauty of the family. She was a beautiful character, as I can testify as she came into our home for a time and helped us out when help was badly needed. She married Robert Zimmerman, an energetic young business man. I never had the privilege of meeting him and am sorry to report that the "Grim Reaper" left Mildred a rather young widow. She now makes her home with their only child, a son Robert, who is a teacher in Silver Springs, just north of Washington, D.C.

The marriage of my sister Minnie to Rev. McConnell was blessed with three children. A daughter, Carol Jean born July 29, 1895 and two sons. While the family were living in St. Joseph, Missouri, Carol Jean married young William Henry Clay, born September 13, 1894. They were married on May 1, 1913. At that time St. Joseph was the location of one of the principal western branches of the great meat packing company of Swife & Co. It, no doubt, was the largest and busiest firm located in St. Joe., so Will H. as everyone called him applied for a position with them, soon after he completed high school. I do not want to refer to him as a Self Made Man as that might sound like he was one of these Do-It-Yourself fellows who fix faucets or broken furniture. Perhaps he can do that too, I do not know. What I do know is that he has a keen sense of values, and has had this from early in his life. He had an ambition to have a part in the larger things of life and to do that he felt he should be connected with the most outstanding busi-

ness firms within his reach. Well that is just what Swift and Company were at that time, so that is why he went to them to apply for his first real job. He has always had a gift for salesmanship and he was successful in selling himself to that great meat packing company That was back in 1914 and he has been selling for them ever since. To make this a real good story we ought to say that he started in as office boy, swept out the office, emptied the cuspidors, filled the ink bottles and had all the pencils sharpened by the time the Big Boss came. I am sure that he could have done all these things but he had sold himself for higher duties than just routine tasks. The management soon discovered that he was gifted in being able to work out more efficient methods for boosting sales so began using him in their organization wherever sales lagged. In 1924 they moved him to their larger plant at Kansas City, Mo., and in 1930 they called him to their home office in Chicago where he is now Executive Manager. He has come a long way but has merited every step of it. Their home in Chicago was for a number of years near that of our Nephew's Leland Hogue, so that through the years that part of the city saw much of us. We have held a number of Hogue Reunions either with Carol and Will H., or Elsie and Leland. I fear at times we may have been somewhat of a pest, but they were always gracious enough to welcome us back, and seemed to mean it. Those were happy days and their homes seemed like second homes whenever we were in their city.

Carol Jean and William H. Clay have five children as follows:

1. James William Clay, b. Feb. 14, 1914. married Rosemary Collier.
Three children, twins Jim and Jack and Robert.
2. Frances Jean, b. April 3, 1915, married Frank McMillan, July 9, 1938 . Two children, Jean and Carol.

3. Loren Bywaters, b. Oct. 21, 1919, married Anne Urban 1942. Adopted one son, Loren 2nd.
4. Margaret Leone, b. Oct. 23, 1923. Is attending Michigan State University.
5. Charles Henry, b. Sept. 14, 1927. Teaches in Detroit schools, married Janet Cordes. They have four children, William, Alice, Thomas and Barbara.

Sister Minnie's two sons were Gerald and Rolland and both have given a good account of themselves. William Gerald was born on October 17, 1896 in Des Moines, Iowa, where his father was pastor of the church. He received his education in various schools as his father took pastorates in different parts of the country and out of it all he developed into a most efficient salesman. He can even sell himself and when you can do that you are a success. At present he is Sales and Advertising Manager for The Brush Pottery and member of the Board of Directors. Also Partner in the McConnell & Co., Zanesville, Ohio, distributors of decorated tile. While working in Columbus, Ohio, at the age of thirty three or thirty four he met a charming young lady, a Miss Mary Gladys Watt, who was also working in the city. She had come from Crooksville, Ohio, just south of Zanesville, and was famous for its potteries, among them the Watt Potteries. Well as you can see everything was set for a proper romance. Either Gladys decided that it was not safe for good looking Gerald to go about unprotected at thirty three or he turned on his salesmanship and sold himself to her, anyway they were married on May 6, 1933. She had been born April 7, 1899.

Ever since their marriage he has been connected with the potteries, living part of the time at Roseville or Crooksville but for the present at Zanesville. He has been most successful in the sale of their products. They have two children, their eldest Almeda Jean and William Thompson.

Almeda Jean b. May 15, 1926, married Mack D. Heslop b. May 31, on July, 1944. They have three children. Wm. Douglas Heslop, b. Sept. 11, 1947, James Grégory Heslop, b. 19, 1951 and Kathe Jean Heslop, b. Dec. 26, 1952. Present address, 2225 Shrewsbury Road, Columbus, Ohio.

Mack D. Heslop is a veteran of World War II. He served on the Airplane Carrier Enterprise from Jan. 3, 1943 to the end of the war. Then through the "G.I. Bill" attended Aviation School at Tulsa, Oklahoma. At present he is travelling for the LeSebur Co., in and about Columbus, Ohio.

Gerald had a very hard and difficult service during World War I. He was assigned to the Mosquito Fleet in the English Channel. It was to search out and destroy German submarines and required great courage and the sacrifice of all bodily comforts. The living conditions on the sub-chasers were, to put it mildly, most bleak. He has never cared to talk about the period of his service.

My sister Minnie's second son was

Evan Rolland McConnell. The following data is the material submitted by him and I feel is of sufficient interest to be used in its entirety.

Evan Rolland McConnell - (Parents---William Thompson McConnell
Minnie Ethel Hogue McConnell)

Born: March 20, 1905 in Turtle Creek, Pennsylvania

Education: --- Entered Grade School at age 6 (1911)

1st grade (part term) Lancaster, Ohio

1st-3rd grades St. Joseph, Mo.

3rd-8th grades - Walton, Kansas

Entered High School at age 14 (1919)

H.S. Freshman - Walton Kansas (part term)

H.S. Freshman - Sophomore - Boyden, Iowa

H.S. Junior - Senior - Monmouth, Illinois

Entered College at 18 (1923)

Freshman - Sophomore - Monmouth College

Family: Married Lillian Olivia Johnson - March 2, 1935

Born - (Prematurely) November 16, 1935 - Constance Ethel
Catherine Anne

(Catherine Anne survived only one day)

Born - January 24, 1938 - David Bruce

Born - April 27, 1949 - Sandra Jean

Positions Held:

J. W. Jenkins Co. Kansas City, Mo. (Band Instrument Salesman)
1925-1926

Swift and Company, Kansas City, Kansas, 1926-1930

Thompson Hayward Chemical Co., Kansas City, Mo., and Minneapolis, Minn. (Salesman and Chemist) 1930-1932

H. J. Heinz Company, Pittsburgh, Pa. (Bacteriologist) 1934-1946

John H. Dulany and Son, Fruitland, Maryland (Food Technologist)
1946-1950

Continental Can Company, Inc. Chicago, Illinois (Research Chem-
ist 1950 -

Professional Society Memberships:

Institute of Food Technologists

American Society of Horticultural Science

Activities:

Trustee - Westview, Pa. Presbyterian Church (1943-1946)

Member of Official Board - St. Johns Methodist Church
Fruitland, Md. (1947-1950)

Deacon - La Grange Highlands Community U.P. Church
(1952-1954)

Elder - La Grange Highlands Community U.P. Church
(1954)

Member of Technical Group conducting tests on canned foods at Atomic
Energy Proving Grounds during the 1955 series of Atomic Tests in
Nevada (under auspices of Can Manufacturers Institute)

Co-author of two papers published in the 1956 proceeding of the American
Society of Horticultural Science

Co-author of one paper published in "Food Technology" 1956

Wife: Lillian Olivia Johnson McConnell

Born - December 29, 1909

Education:

Grade school and high school - Minneapolis, Minn.

Hospital Technician Training - St. Lukes Hospital, St. Paul, Minn.

Daughter: Constance Ethel McConnell

Born - November 16, 1935 in Pittsburgh, Pa.

Grade School - Westview, Penna. and Fruitland, Md.

High School - Salisbury, Md. and La Grange, Illinois

College - Lyons Township Junior College and Northern Illinois
State University, DeKalb, Illinois.

Graduated from High school in 1953. Remained on Honor Roll during
college. Elected to Kappa Delta Pi National Honor Educational
Society in Junior year. Expects to graduate in 1957 and enter
teaching profession.

Son: David Bruce McConnell

Born - January 24, 1938 in Pittsburgh, Pa.

Grade School in Westview, Pa. and Fruitland, Md. and La Grange, Ill.

High School - La Grange, Illinois (1956-Graduated)

Won letter for athletics (track) Member of Student Council -

Elected member of National Honor Society, and also local "L"

Honor Society - Granted a scholarship at Monmouth College,

which he plans to attend for 3 years then transfer to a technical College for an additional 2 years to win both A.B. and Engineering Degrees.

Daughter: Sandra Jean McConnell

Born - April 27, 1949 in Fruitland, Md.

Grade School 1954-1955 in La Grange, Illinois

As you will note Rolland is now Research Chemist for the Continental Can Company, Inc. of Chicago, Ill. His work requires him to make visits to many parts of the country where he tests different types of foods and determines the best way to preserve them and ship them. In short, he has become a very important person in the long fight for better and safer foods. His life is an example of what can be attained by hard work and self sacrifice.

My baby sister, Inez, came along when I was six years old and made our family complete with two boys and two girls. She went to the old country school for a time but by the time she was ready for high school the family had moved to Monmouth so that I could go to college and we could make a home for Calvin who was already living there conducting his furniture store. Inez finished high school then entered Monmouth College, graduating in 1898. Later she returned for additional work and received her Masters Degree in the 1900's. Since all the rest of us were married and had left home it fell to her to care for our aging parents. This is one of the tragedies that haunt the accidents of life. Many a brilliant young man or woman has abandoned a promising career to care for an ailing elderly parent. We are wasting a vast amount of valuable man power. The many homes for the Aged may be a step toward a solution of this problem. Mother had high blood pressure and had a series of slight strokes over a number of years so that she became a consid-

erable care. It affected her walk and gradually her mind. Father was wonderful in the way he helped take care of her. She passed away August 19, 1913. After Mother's death Inez had it some easier. She and Father lived in the same house with Calvin and they traveled considerably. They spent several winters in Florida. Father had a good deal of rheumatic pain the last few years of his life so I think that he was ready to go when the final call came. It was rather a beautiful death. Brother Calvin was sitting by him a little while before the end. He seemed to be partly asleep and he heard him murmuring to himself, "Oh! Its all so beautiful". It was not long until he fell into his eternal sleep. December 26, 1922.

Sister Inez's big job was over. Her parents were cared for now what next, where would she go from here? She was visiting us that summer. Before coming she had applied to the president of Monmouth College for some work in the college and he had promised that he would let her know if anything came up. Well the last week of summer vacation came and passed and no word from the President had come. I well remember how on that last Saturday afternoon of that last week of vacation utter hopelessness seemed to settle down on her. The sun went down and all the light of a hope that had buoyed her up all summer seemed to be fading with the day. My heart ached for the poor girl. If there was only something that I could do for her. And then it happened. The telegram came. "Be here on opening day. We will have a place for you". Signed President Monmouth College. From that moment Inez began a new and most interesting life. She was made Registrar of Monmouth College and as such she did much to raise the scholastic standards of the college. She attended the national meetings of the College Regis-

trars and kept her office up to date and made it mean something to the college and the student body. She was able to put much of her own personality into her work and made it a real career. She is now in happy retirement in Claremont, California.

Now we must take up brother Calvin and his family in more detail. No one ever had a better older brother than I had in Calvin, and while I was somewhat of a trial to him when younger yet we had, on the whole, a very happy life. What wonderful pillow fights we had and one time we had an Indian fight that did not turn out so well for me. We were out in the feed lot and the game was to throw clods at each other. Each one had a feed box to drop behind as a fort but one time I did not drop quickly enough and the clod hit me in the left open eye. It was quite sore for a day or two, then I forgot all about it. But years later when I was in college the vision in that eye began to fail. Glasses helped me for a time, but a later examination revealed that the injury in the Indian fight had damaged the retina and later a cataract formed and was followed by degeneration of the retina. I wonder sometimes how any of us ever manage to grow up and keep our eye sight through the dangers of childhood.

Well I am not starting out very well to talk about Calvin. I keep talking about myself all the time. Of course I never blamed Calvin, in any way, for the injury to my eye. It has never been much of an handicap to me. Now back to Calvin. He prospered in his venture into the furniture business and married Miss Jennie Jamieson in June 1895.

She was the only daughter in a family of six brothers, five of whom entered the ministry. Calvin and Jennie had four fine boys come

into their home and since they lived in Monmouth during their boyhood they received their common school education in Monmouth schools and some of their college work was done in Monmouth College. The oldest of the four was Leland Jamieson born on Oct. 15, 1896. After two years in Monmouth College he went with the Commonwealth Edison of Chicago who suggested that if he would enter the Illinois State University at Champaign, Illinois, and take Electrical Engineering that they would have a position for him on graduating. This he did and graduated in 1924 and has been with the Electrical Company ever since making quite a record for himself. He attended one of our United Presbyterian Churches in Chicago where he met Miss Elsie Wylie, who was active in the Young Peoples work. They were married August 5, 1929 and both devote much time to the church. Unfortunately no children have come to bless their home. At vacation time they take motor trips, at least one to the west coast, and Leland who is somewhat of an expert with the camera, has acquired a large library of glass slides of views taken on these trips. If you are ever in his home he will be delighted to entertain you with a review of one or more of these interesting and beautiful motor trips. He is leaving something very much worthwhile to the FAMILY.

Calvin and Jennie's second son was William Joel, born June 27, 1900. He graduated from Monmouth College, June, 1922 and graduated from Rush Medical, Chicago, in 1926. Married Miss Evelyn Peterson, September 3, 1931, Ontario, California. He spent one year in China with the U.S. Navy after which he took a course in Pediatrics and specialized in Childrens Diseases until World War II when he was back in the service and sent over seas to Germany and France. When, at last

that "Bloody Spasm" was over and one could begin to think about healing rather than destroying that which was created in "the image of our Maker", he had the opportunity to do postgraduate work in Ophthalmology and became associated with Dr. Paul V. Jamieson an Ophthalmic surgeon in Huntington Park, California. This was in 1946. In 1951, due to ill health Dr. Jamieson retired and a Dr. Vincent Gorilla took over his practice. William continues as his associate. The arrangement has worked out very much to the advantage of all concerned. He is an elder in the church and a very active member.

William and Evalyn have two fine children, Donald Clements born May 6, 1934, Diane Carol, born May 27, 1939. Little Diane had a most difficult start in life, almost did not make it. At the tender age of three and a half weeks she developed complete pyloric stenosis, that is the passage from the mouth to the stomach closed, she could not swallow anything. She was vomiting everything she took, and at her age would not live long unless something was done at once. William had gone for a short visit to Monmouth, Illinois. Fortunately a surgeon was able to correct the difficulty and today Diane is one of the sweet high school girls in Huntington, Cal.

Harland Edwin is the third son of Calvin and Jennie, born February 8, 1908, graduated from Monmouth College, June, 1930 and graduated from Seminary, May, 1933. Married Miss Mary Louise Brown, June 4, 1946. Two children, Carolyn Joy, born Nov. 13, 1947, New York City, Douglas Bryan, born October 27, 1952. Both these children were prematures and were "incubator babies" but have both come through in good condition and are a fine addition to the family. Harland is showing every symptom of becoming the scholar of the family. He spent the years 1947-1948 in

Columbia University and will receive the Degree of Ph.D. sometime within the next year. His old college, Monmouth, has just given him the honorary degree of Doctor of Divinity. He has recently been elected to a position on the faculty on The Pacific School of Religion. I understand that his work will be to teach young preachers how to preach. A place of great opportunity. More power to him.

Calvin and Jennie's fourth child was their over six foot tall son Lawrence Howard, born Sept. 3, 1909. Graduated from Pomona College, Claremont, California, in June, 1931 and in Business Administration from Stamford University in 1933. He married Miss Anne Seaman of Pittsburg, Pennsylvania on May 12, 1945. We were present at this wedding as his father had passed away and he felt that he would like to have some one present to represent the Hogue Family and we were very happy to honor his request. He has been successful in his business life, is now Assistant Treasurer of the Dole Pineapple Company. They have three children, two boys and a girl. Now Manager of the Dole Plant in Salem, Oregon.

Now we return to father's immediate family and take up his three sisters and their families, but first we should mention a younger brother, Theophilus Wylie, whose death was caused by typhoid fever which also proved fatal to his father at the same time. This was in 1864 near the close of the Civil War. The death of "Little Ophy" as father always called him, seemed to be a great grief to father. He was only fifteen years old and ten years younger than father so may have seemed more like a son than a brother. His middle name was Wylie so that is the reason I have the same name as I was not long in arriving after the passing of "Ophy" Wylie.

Father's oldest sister was Nancy Amanda. We always called her Aunt Mandy. She married Charles Barnum, September 20, 1867. Their children were Claud, Effie and Lester. They had a nice farm home about a mile from us along the "Angling Road" on the way to Monmouth. Uncle Charles always had a wonderful apple orchard as he planted new trees whenever the old ones needed replacing. We youngsters had great times playing in their large barn and among the trees of the orchard. They were among our most intimate playmates. My recollections of Aunt Amanda is that she was an invalid as she had contracted tuberculosis. Uncle Charles gave her every possible care, but in spite of this she had to give up the fight and passed away at age forty. Uncle Charles did not marry again but with the help of the children managed to continue on the farm for some years. He had a wealthy brother, Orlando Barnum, in Monmouth. He had no children of his own so made Charles' children his heirs. He had a money making hardware store in Monmouth where Claud sometimes worked as a clerk. He also had a number of fine farms out northwest of the city. In the meantime Claud had married one of my old schoolmates, Elsadie Holliday and with the death of their Uncle Orlando Barnum they inherited a considerable estate in money and farm lands. It seemed as though the Gods of Good Fortune were smiling on them and that the future was bright. The marriage of Claud and Elsada resulted in the birth of three children, two boys, Ira and Merrill and a girl, Marion. We have the picture of this family group taken sometime in the early 1900's. One would rarely see a happier or lovelier family unite. They appear to have everything they need, yet after they came into their uncle's estate and had moved to Monmouth and became settled in a nice comfortable house there began a series of almost fantastic events

which almost wiped out this whole family. Uncle Charles developed a malignant trouble in his lower bowel. Surgery did not give him much relief and he passed on after a long and painful illness. The second son, Merrill, a fine handsome little chap and the pet of the family, early developed an inflammatory condition of the kidneys that resulted in diabetes. This condition when it occurs in young children is always fatal, so sweet little Merrill was not long in following his grandfather.

It was about this time that the automobile began to come into common use. I was away busy in my medical practice so do not exactly know just what nor when it happened, but with the coming of the new means of transportation there were many changes in our business and social life--every wagon and carriage factory began making automobiles. A new type of business man appeared in every city and town, the auto dealer and supply man. It seemed certain that the automobile would be the center of the business of the future. Claude, along with many others, thought so and became a dealer. As I have already said I do not know the details of what happened but I do know that like his father he was stricken with cancer and was a sick man, not fully capable of transacting business in a new field and that he became involved in financial difficulties. All I do know is that when it was all over the farms and home had been sold and they had laid him to rest beside his father and little Merrill. Then as if Elsad's cup of sorrow was not already running over, her older boy, Ira, who was doing his best to take care of his mother and sister, Marion, contracted pneumonia and died. This was in January 1929. Penicillin and the Sulfa drugs were not yet in use. Had they been, Ira doubtless would be here today to carry on the Honorable name of the Barnum family. The girl, Marion,

seemed destined to a series of misfortunes. She married a much older man than herself who was a Catholic. Which does not mean that he may not have been a good enough husband, but as a rule young people should marry some one near their own age and of their same religious faith. Something appears to have gone wrong with her health as during her pregnancies she developed a mental condition that made it necessary to place her in the state hospital. At the end of the third pregnancy she died leaving three children, two boys and one girl. As her mother, Elzada, had already preceeded her there was no one in her own family prepared to care for these motherless children. Fortunately, they had an aunt, a sister of their father, who came forward and has given them the needed care. I understand that one of the boys is now a student in North Western University so that we may look forward to a happy ending to what seemed Marion's rather tragic life.

Claude's younger brother, Lester, is a jolly good fellow and every inch a Barnum and should have provided a family to carry on the name. He married Miss Adeline Ward, a lovely girl from Des Moines, Iowa, but unfortunately this union was not blessed with children as Adeline, while she was still young, developed a malignancy which took her life and Lester was left with only his sister Effie and her family. I am sure that his and Adeline's marriage was a real love match for he has never married again but lives as a bachelor in the Y.M.C.A. in Monmouth, acting as a special driver for The Lugg Funeral Home. He takes a great deal of pleasure in the family of his sister Effie of whom we now wish to speak. She was a few years older than Lester. At her mother's rather early death from Tuberculosis she did her best to help her father keep up their home and be a mother to her brothers. She married Frank Wine-

bright and they were blessed with a family of six children. Helen the older became a trained nurse then married Dr. Chester Warfield, who specialized in Rontgenology (X-ray for short) and has made quite a name for himself. He served in the Navy through two wars and was commissioned as a Captain in the U.S. Navy. He was in private practice in Wichita, Kansas, for a time, and they now are located at Fort Wayne, Indiana. They have a most interesting family of adopted children. They found a blue eyed light haired little girl then a little later they were fortunate in finding a pair of identical twins with the same coloring of eyes and hair as the first girl so that the three girls look like three blood sisters. We visited them when they were located in Wichita a few months before Pearl Harbor and found them very nicely located and Dr. Warfield highly esteemed in the city due to his fine work in X-Ray. The war, however, disrupted all their plans when he was called back to the Navy early in 1942. It was my privilege to see him at work at the Naval Station of Great Lakes. Later he was transferred to the South Pacific and had charge of a hospital that took care of the sick wounded of that area. It is interesting to note that in the letters he wrote home he often closed them with the line, "I must close for this time as I see a ship coming in with a load of new patients." He seems to have been a real lover of the sea, as he had for a hobby the making of small models of famous ships that were complete to the smallest detail. Since the close of the war he and Helen are located in Ft. Wayne, Ind.

George was the next Winebright child. He married Julia Trevor. They have two fine boys both of whom graduated from Knox College in Galesburg, Illinois. George has developed into a very substantial citizen and a Supervisor of Highways in Warren County. The third child,

Evelyn married a successful farmer, Clarence Talbot in Stronghurst, Ill. Their one daughter is married to the son of a Methodist Minister, so I think that we may feel that she has done all right by herself. Horace, the fourth in the family died in early manhood. The next son was Lawrence. He married Helen Doughman. He has succeeded as a farmer. They live near Smithshire, Illinois, and both are very active in the church. Their one child, a son, has received his education at Knox College. Mae was the baby of the family and the musician. I well remember how beautifully she played on the piano the day she graduated from the Music Department at Monmouth College. She married Richard Craine who is also a musician and has a splendid voice. I trust that their two daughters are following in their footsteps. This is the family of whom Uncle Lester is mighty proud. I wish that Effie might have lived to have enjoyed the successes of her children and grand children. There is a good story as to how Lester came by his name. At the time of his birth there was a serial story running in the local county paper in which the popular hero had the name of LESTER and his exploits were described as quite unusual, so Aunt Amanda decided that this was just the right name for her new little baby boy. So she did not load him down with the name of one of his Scotch ancestors, such as John or James but he was to be known by the more romantic name of Lester. I think that she was wise as those old family names are sometimes badly over worked.

My father's second sister was Mary Ann, born July 6, 1852. She married James Hess who was somewhat of a roving cobbler and builder of houses for sale. His regular occupation was that of shoe maker and repair man. It was in the days when all fine shoes were made to order. The individuals went to the shoemaker, had their feet measured, then the

shoes were made out of the newly tanned leather and fitted to the customers' feet. Some shoemakers turned out some very fancy foot wear. Uncle Jim was among the best of them. I remember some of the artistic shoes and boots he used to wear that he had made for himself. He was quite a dandy when it came to footwear. He also had ambitions to be a builder of houses. He would build a nice convenient house on a good lot, live in it for a time until someone offered him a good price, then sell and start all over again. We always felt sorry for Aunt Mary as she never was allowed to live in one of these new houses very long, and always seemed to be moving. But in some way between his shoe making and his house building, Uncle Jim seemd to make a good living. Later they moved to Pawnee City, Nebraska, where Uncle John lived. Aunt Mary was very ill there with typhoid fever, about 1886. Uncle Crawford and my father went out to help care for her. She recovered in a meaure but frail and passed away in 1902. She left three daughters. Rosalind, Edith and Helen. They all lived in around Pawnee City, so I never knew much about them. The older one, Rosalind, married a banker, Thomas D. Griffin, and at his death she took over the management of the bank and made a success of it. I do not know whether she is still living or not. The last address we have of her is 925 So. 32nd St., Lincoln, Nebraska. Edith married and is now deceased. We never knew who she married. Helen was a teacher and came east to visit us a few years ago and has since died. I was always sorry not to have known Aunt Mary and her daughters better. As a boy I always thought Aunt Mary very pretty and I know that Father was very fond of her.

And now we come to my father's youngest sister, Elizabeth Jeannette, born on a farm south of Kirkwood, Illinois, November 24, 1860.

Here she lived until the death of her father, from typhoid fever, in the fall of 1864, when she moved to Kirkwood with her mother. I am glad to talk about Aunt Libbie, as we called her, for I knew her the best of all my Aunts. She was only my senior by ten years so that in later years we were more like companions than just Aunt and nephew.

Kirkwood at this time was a thriving little inland town and quite a shipping center for grain, cattle and hogs. There were two banks, a number of general stores and one department store, The Chapin Holton and Davis. It was the chief trading center for a large farm population coming in from all directions. It was on the C.B. & Q. railroad 180 miles from Chicago, six miles from Monmouth on the east and twenty miles from Burlington, Iowa, on the west. There were three well organized churches, The Methodist, Presbyterian and United Presbyterian, of which we were members. I should not fail to mention the small Baptist church where services were occasionally held nor the dear saintly old Baptist minister, retired, who lived in Kirkwood and often worshipped with us. I think that his name was Rev. Brimhall. He wore a shawl and a stove pipe hat.

The schools were excellent--especially the high school. It was rather an ideal community, in many respects. There was no antagonism between the churches, and union services were frequently held. When our pastor was absent we would attend services at one of the other churches, and union evangelistic meetings were common. Memorial or as we called it, Decoration Day, was the occasion for a great community gathering at the beautiful cemetery. There was always a parade of Civil War veterans with flags and banners lead by the band, then a patriotic address by our Congressman or some popular orator of the day.

The day would often be closed with a community supper at Gambles Hall. This was the one public hall of the town over Gamble Brother's General Store, where public entertainment and occasional plays were given. Every Saturday found the town crowded with farmers and their families to do their shopping and lay in supplies. On the Sabbath we would all go to church, that is if the roads were open. No stores were open. I do not remember that even the drug stores did not close. We had, however, at our church a rather unique mail service which some of us greatly appreciated and some of the Elders frowned upon. I do not know whether the post office was open for an hour on Sabbath morning or not but our good cousin Henry Hogue managed to get the late mail and bring it to church, then distribute it after services. It was a great convenience to many of us as there was no R.F.D. in those days and it might be almost a week before we would have an opportunity to visit the post office, but some of the more strict thought we were playing fast and loose with the Fourth Commandment.

It was in this quite normal American community that our Aunt Libbie grew up, was educated and developed into her young womanhood. She was a fine looking handsome young woman. I was always proud of her and when I knew her in her eighties she was still straight and tall and handsome. There was another young woman in Kirkwood who like our Aunt was living with and caring for a widowed mother. They were about the same age and of much the same appearance, and were much together. It was through her friendship with Miss Ella Wray that romance came to Aunt Libbie, for Ella Wray had a cousin, a George Hutchison, living in faraway Sidney, Ohio. Furthermore, George was a bachelor which Ella thought was quite unseemly so she wrote cousin George and

suggested that it might be well if he should visit his aging aunt in Kirkwood. He thought well of the idea and in due time arrived. There were picnics and parties and as Ella Wray had never entertained a bachelor cousin before she called on our Aunt to assist her. She must have been a complete success as on October 25, 1883 she became Mrs. George Hutchison and moved to Sidney, Ohio.

From this marriage two children were born, a son Kenneth H. Hutchison and Norma E. Hutchison. Both have been very active in the church and business life in Sidney. After the marriage of her daughter, Elizabeth, Grandmother Hogue remained for a number of years in and around Kirkwood living with some of her children, but in 1898, when her eyesight was failing due to cataracts, Aunt Libbie had her come and make her home with the Hutchison family in Sidney. This was no small sacrifice on their part for she was totally blind the last five years of her life. She passed away on January 27, 1904. The rest of our family certainly owe Aunt Libbie and her family a positive debt for the loving care they gave our Grandmother in her last days, and I am sure that they did it with no small amount of inconvenience and sacrifice to themselves.

Uncle George Hutchison was a very active man and engaged in a number of enterprizes and along with other things had some misfortune. It was while he was with Thedieck Department Store that he fell down the elevator shaft injuring his back and breaking his arm, His arm remained stiff and he was somewhat handicapped after this so he purchased a small grocery store and he and Aunt Libby conducted it until his death in May, 1916. In the meantime both Kenneth and Norma had completed their education and were in excellent positions themselves so they sold the grocery store and bought a nice home on St. Mary's

Avenue, where Aunt Libbie spent many pleasant happy years.

Her son, Kenneth, completed his education in the Sidney High School, then at the age of twenty he became mail clerk at the post office. At first he was on duty at night but the excellent manner in which he did his work won him rather rapid advancement until he was placed in charge of the Postal Savings Division which position he occupied when he retired at age 65 after almost forty years of service. The Church has always held a large place in his life. He is a ruling elder in the Presbyterian Church and treasurer. Also with his sister, Norma, they are members of the choir. In these respects he is true to his inheritance--a member of the session and in helping with the Sabbath Services in the Singing. Kenneth has had, at least, two hobbies--the radio and the automobile. From the very first radio that came on the market he always insisted on having the one with the most accurate reception, then made a study of the broadcasting stations and found where he could tune in to receive the best programs. This is really the intelligent way to enjoy a radio. I wish more people would adopt it, especially the fellow that lives next door or upstairs or in the flat below. When it came to Automobiles he was never satisfied with anything less than the best. The last time I saw him he was driving a Chrysler. There is one thing that we should add; he has never used his hobbies for his own selfish pleasure. I am sure that he gave his mother many happy hours with his radio and auto, as he has many of his friends. Then the automobile has enabled him and his sister to take many enjoyable vacations.

Norma E. Hutchison was Aunt Libbie's second child and spent six years of her girlhood helping care for our aging and blind grandmother

in her last years, so has a more vivid memory of her, perhaps, than any of the other grandchildren and she has contributed what history we have of the Stormont family. After she completed the work in the Sidney High School she had a desire to know more about business so took a course in the Ideal Business College in Piqua, Ohio. Following this she took a position with the Peoples Savings and Loan Association. Later the company was federalized and is now known as the Peoples Federal Savings & Loan Ass'n., and she expects to remain there until time for retirement. This, however, does not tell the whole story. For all down through the years, when help was needed both in the home she has been the true daughter to both Father and Mother.

One of these critical periods came to Aunt Libbie in 1910, the year Norma graduated from high school. She was trying to carry on the home as usual, help Uncle George in the grocery store and plan for Norma's graduation, as a result of all this strain she developed enlargement of the Thyroid, with all the heart and nervous symptoms that accompany it. She came to see me and I referred her to her own family physician, Dr. Silver of Sidney, one of the outstanding doctors in Ohio. The only cure for this condition is in surgery. A large part of the gland has to be removed, but the difficulty is that the patient becomes so nervous and the heart and pulse become so disturbed that they may die of shock while the preparations are being made and the anaesthetic given, so that great care must be taken in the preparation of the patient and performance of the operation. Great advances have been made in surgery since 1910 and I am not acquainted with the technique used today but at that time they called it "Stealing The Thyroid". They told her that they would have to treat her thyroid for a few days. They had

her inhale some ether for a short time then applied a rather tight bandage about her neck. They did this for two mornings carefully noting her nervous condition and pulse. As they did not show any marked change, on the third day they completed the operation and she made a most excellent recovery. The operation was performed in Cincinnati. Dr. Silver and I were both present. I was happy to be of this small service to her.

This operation restored Aunt Libbie to her normal health and she continued to lead a very active life. As late as 1940, when she was in her 80th year she and her daughter, Norma, took a train trip to Los Angeles, California, to visit a brother-in-law and family. Norma told me afterwards that "We did not expect Mother to do much running around out there but just stay in the city and visit with the friends. But to the amazement of all, Mother was able to go to all the places the rest of us did including a bus trip of three days to Yosemite Valley." She continued active until January, 1945, when she experienced a slight stroke which only slowed her down slightly and she continued to look after many of the household duties until her final illness of a few months. She fell asleep on the evening of June 7, 1945, and we laid her to rest by the side of her husband in the quiet beautiful Graceland Cemetery in Sidney, Ohio. A beautiful woman, a beautiful character, an honor to her family name.

In writing a family history one has to decide how many and what groups shall be included. We mentioned farther back that in our investigation into different histories of groups of Hogues, that we are convinced that all could be traced back to Bemersyde and others parts of Scotland and eventually Normandy, France, but that it is too late now

to fit them all in to one genealogical tree, and for my purpose this is not necessary. But I do want to bring in some fourth or fifth cousins and I am very proud to do so. We grew up together and always felt that we were first cousins but it seems that we did not have the same great-grand-fathers so that put them out on another limb of the family tree. This is the family of Captain James Campbell Hogue. I am very happy, however, for them to have a place in this record. You will remember how we mentioned the great similarity between Captain Hogue and our Uncle Crawford Hogue, in appearance and characteristics. This could be accounted for by the fact that their great-grand-mothers were sisters and their great grand fathers uncle and nephew. It all came about in the following manner. You remember that James was one of the three Hogue brothers who came from Scotland in 1747, that he married Margaret Parks of Baltimore and that their eldest son was John who died from smallpox leaving a small son and daughter. The little boy named Samuel was adopted by the second son of James whose name was also Samuel. They were known as Samuel Sr. and Samuel Jr., or as the family loved to call them Big and Little Sam. I am sure that Samuel Sr. and his Mother, Margaret Parks Hogue, gave young Sam every possible attention even to seeing that he committed the catechism. The record shows that the relationship between uncle and nephew was very close. Later when Joseph Woods moved his family from Virginia to Blount County, Tennessee, Samuel Sr. married the handsome efficient third child of the Wood Family, Margaret, while Samuel Jr. chose the pretty, less prim ninth member of the family, Jane, to be our Great-Grandmother. It was a double romance. No wonder their descendants have seemed like first cousins.

The following is the genealogy of this branch.

Joseph Woods, b. Aug. 22, 1745, Charlottsville, Va., d. Jan. 1835, Princeton, Ind., married Mary Hamilton, b. 1747, Albemarle, Va., d. Aug. 26, 1829, Princeton, Ind.

Their daughter Margaret, b. Feb. 12, 1772, Charlottsville, Va., died Princeton, Ind., Aug. 10, 1845. She married Samuel Hogue Sr., b. July 3, 1766, Lexington, Va., d. Princeton, Ind., Aug. 11, 1817. They were married on Jan. 5, 1792 at Blount County, Tenn.

Their son James W. Hogue, b. Nov. 12, 1794, at Blount County, Tenn., d. Mar. 21, 1863, Illinois, married Rosanna Archer, b. Oct. 1, 1789, Charlottsville, Va., d. Mar. 21, 1863, Illinois.

Son Franklin Hogue, b. April 19, 1816, at Princeton, Ind., d. Dec. 15, 1909, Cutler, Ill., married Elizabeth Stormont, b. Nov. 18, 1818, Elkton, Ky., d. Nov. 1911, Cutler, Ill.

Son, James C. Hogue, b. Feb. 23, 1841, Princeton, Ind., d. Jan. 4, 1940, Monmouth, Ill., married Margery Stewart, b. May 25, 1847, Richland, Ind., d. Jan. 4, 1940.

James Campbell Hogue was one of the "four Jeemes" in Company "K" of the 36th., Regiment Illinois Volunteers and spent four years in the service. He entered as a private and was advanced to a Captaincy before the end of the war. The brutality of the conflict was so contrary to the gentleness of his nature that he could rarely be induced to speak of his experiences while in the service. I remember him as a mild mannered soft spoken man, highly respected and loved by all who knew him. He was discharged from the army in 1868 and September 9th that same year was united in marriage to Miss Margery Jane Stewart of Richland, Rush County, Indiana. When young Captain Hogue returned from the army he became acquainted with a young man by the name of Newton Gowan. They became fast friends and he was much in the home of the Cowans. Mrs. Cowan was somewhat of an invalid and her young sister Margery Stewart was helping care for her. She was a beautiful woman when I knew her at 80 so no wonder the Captain married her when a young woman. This union was blessed with six children, one son Robert and five girls. The eldest daughter was Amelia Harriet Hogue, born Sept. 27, 1869. She married Arthur Hickman, June 30, 1892. Their only

child was born on April 29, 1893. They lived on a farm near Kirkwood until Feb. 22, when they moved to Greeley, Colorado, in the hope of relieving her from her attacks of asthma. Her health did greatly improve so they remained in Colorado until their death, Arthur Hickman, November 17, 1933, Amy, April 20, 1934. Their one child inherits the tendency for asthma and now lives at Greeley, Colorado, -a Librarian. The only son, Robert Elbert Hogue, was born Nov. 10, 1870, just a month and a week after my arrival from "Baby Land", so that from the very first we were pals and playmates. We were not in the same school district and our farms were about two miles apart, but I still remember many a day we spent together in play or at parties that Aunt Margery gave us. Then we always met at church and Sabbath school as we were in the same class. He was a born farmer and loved the out door life. He realized that successful farming is a real business enterprise, so attended the Monmouth Business College for two courses. He was "adored by five sisters", as one of them expressed it. This may have been one reason why he did not marry, or he may have thought that there will be plenty of time for that. I fear that his death July 3, 1904 was due to the slow advancement of medicine. They called it "intestinal flu", finally operated as his condition grew worse, and this branch of our Family was left with no male heir. The second daughter was Annie Elizabeth Hogue, born Mar. 18, 1872. This daughter was a great home girl, helping her mother with the housework on the farm--and there was plenty of it--until they sold the farm and moved to Monmouth in 1906. Still determined to work, she attended Brown's Business College in Galesburg, Illinois, for a year after which she was an office attendant for a physician, then in a Monmouth Department store and completed her business career as bookkeeper

in my brother Calvin's furniture store where she met her future husband, Will Patterson. Married Aug. 22, 1912, they moved to Oklahoma where she died December 6, 1931 and is buried in the family lot in Kirkwood, Illinois. The third daughter, Lovely sweet tempered Marybelle Hogue arrived on this sphere of sin, struggle and allergy, Sept. 8, 1876. I do not think that she has ever had much trouble with the sin part, for she has always been a self-sacrificing helpful girl trying to make life easier for other people while she struggled to get her breath when her allergy brought on an attack of asthma. I do not know the irritating cause which brought on these attacks. She has been a very brave girl during all the years and has done some splendid living in spite of her handicap. She has been a great help to me in getting these notes together and in order, but I do know that it is a most distressing condition and unless the cause is discovered and removed, life becomes rather difficult and sometimes almost impossible. I know this from personal experience, as during the time we lived in Wisconsin, I had occasional asthmatic attacks when the wind would be from the North West. It turned out that there was a sulphuric acid reduction plant in a town thirteen miles to the North West and I was allergic to sulphur fumes. I did not move the cause but we moved to Ohio and I have avoided all sulphur gasses. Since then I have no more asthma. But most cases are not as simple as mine and go through life plagued with this distressing condition. Marybelle has been one of these unfortunates, but we want to congratulate her on the splendid life she has lived in the home despite this affliction. She has been as active as possible in the life of the church and family.

Edna Stewart Hogue the fifth child, born Aug. 9, 1876. She

married Elmore Brimhall (I think he was a nephew of the old Baptist minister who lived in Kirkwood) on Mar. 5, 1903 and moved to a farm west of Burlington, Iowa. There they reared a fine family of seven children and their Monmouth Aunts frequently visited them. We will give their history after paying our respects to the baby in Captain Hogue's family, Norma Archer Hogue, born April 28, 1879. She had an ambition to be a teacher and attended Monmouth College; then graduated from Normal College in 1916. She carefully prepared herself for this line of work and made a real success of her career as an educator. She taught for twenty years in the county schools and an equal number in the Monmouth Junior Highs. In 1922, by some arrangement she taught for a year in Paia, Maui, Hawaii. After dedicating forty years to the school room she retired in 1946. She has always been active in church and Sabbath School work.

Now we will take up the grand children, those who came to bless the home of Edna and Elmore Brimhall. Seven in all. The eldest

Rex R. Brimahll, b. June 19, 1904, married Loro Holstene, June 15, 1928. They have one son James born June 5, 1936. He is in school. Rex is a railroad man in Burlington, Iowa., which is a railroad center.

Leland Brimhall, born March 20, 1907. He was a lovable young lad and graduated from high school in 1906. A few months later he had an attack of appendicitis that took his life. He is buried on his Grandfather's lot in the Kirkwood Cemetery. A precious life cut off because medical science had not as yet discovered the safe and surgical way to treat this dangerous condition.

Mary Amelia Brimhall, born July 9, 1909. After graduating from high school she taught school for three years then on June 6, 1931 married Homer Jones and moved to a farm near Danville, Iowa. They have three children.

1. Norman Jean Jones, born July 9, 1935, married Jerry Morgan Jan. 20, , They have a son Michael Morgan, born May 7, 1955. They live in Burlington, Iowa.

2. Paul Duane Jones, born Nov. 28, 1940. In Danville High School.

3. Mary Ellen Jones, born June 12, 1942, in Danville High School.

Edna and Elmore's fourth child was Gertrude Louise Brimhall, born

Aug. 25, 1911. After graduating from high school she entered the school for Nursing in the Hospital at Burlington, Iowa and remained there for five years until she married Lucian Worth on November 21, 1936. Their home is near Madiapolis, Iowa. They are the parents of four children:

1. Gary Allen Worth, Nov. 26, 1937 in High School, Madiapolis, Iowa.
2. Keith William Worth, born Feb. 13, 1940, in High school, Madiapolis, Iowa.
3. Lucia Louise Worth, born Jan. 16, 1945, in grade school.
4. Edwin Brimhall Worth, born July 3, 1946, in grade school.

Thelma R. Brimhall, born Nov. 20, 1913. Soon after she had completed her education she married James Kelley and made their home on a farm near Danville, Iowa. They have three children.

1. Leah Del Kelley, born April 25, 1934. After graduating from High School she did office work in Burlington, Iowa, until she married Wayne Wagner on Dec. 28, 1952. They live in Danville, Iowa and have two children:
 1. Nyla Del Wagner, born Feb. 1954.
 2. Steven Wayne Wagner, Born Dec. 4, 1955.
2. Larry Dale Kelley, Born Sept. 15, 1935. Works on farm.
3. Lewis Dwayne Kelley, born April 19, 1945.

It should be noted that Edna Hogue Brimhall almost lived to see her two great grandsons. She passed away on Aug. 10, 1953 and they arrived in 1954 and 1955. She and her husband were laid to rest in the cemetery in Burlington, Iowa.

I am sorry that I do not have more intimate data on this most interesting family, but after childhood we did not see much of each other and so were deprived of what could have been a beautiful friendship. In looking up their family history I ran across an interesting item, supplied by Marybelle Hogue. Her Grandfather, Franklin Hogue, left Princeton, Indiana, sometime in 1842 and came to a place near Cutler in southern Illinois. He traveled in a covered wagon drawn by oxen. Later he and his family came to the Houston Place, south of Kirkwood. They lived there until 1868 then returned to Cutler where he and his wife are buried.

Before I bring this sketch to a close I must include another family of cousins who were not close in blood kinship but in association the children of George and Jennie Mitchell. Their place in Kirkwood seemed almost like a second home to us children, and they often came out to our home, in the country. George Mitchell, the father, was born in Cedarville, Ohio, and married Jennie Stormont who was a first cousin of my father. They had come to Kirkwood when so many of our people were coming from Princeton, Indiana. All I know is that when I first knew him, George Mitchell was a prosperous farmer living on his own fine farm north of Kirkwood. He was a victim of t.b. and died when I was very young. Apparently he had been very successful financially as he left an estate that took care of his wife in comfort and gave all three of his children a college education and two of them graduate degrees. His wife was a cripple from birth--one limb shorter than the other so that she had to wear a shoe with a very thick sole on one foot, but even with that she had quite a limp as she walked. She was a cheerful little woman, loved by everyone who knew her. I have many pleasant memories of her patient gentleness. The three children were Esther, Mabel and George. I think that I will take up the two latter first. Mabel was the second child with dark eyes and hair, looking very much like her mother. She was about my age and I was in her class in the Kirkwood High School and when we entered Monmouth College we were also in classes together. (You will remember I mentioned this in my examination in mathematics before Professor Rogers). Mabel graduated from Monmouth College then the next year married a young man in Kirkwood. This was a most unfortunate affair as it caused a complete estrangement between the sisters. Esther would not permit Mabel to

be married in the home. So the groom's parents gave the wedding. The rest of us did not approve of the match as the young man, Arthur Woods, by name, was of rather unstable character, had a limited education and no special preparation for making a living. We regretted the whole sad mess but did not wish to abandon Mabel so attended the wedding. After the wedding they moved to a suburb of Chicago on the C.B. & Q. railroad and Arthur had a shoe store for a time. He had no business experience so did not remain in the store very long. I think they moved to some place in Kansas where Mabel died in childbirth, leaving a son by the name of Melvin Woods. (I have no knowledge of what has become of Arthur and his son except at present the son is in Bellingham, Wash.) It was all very sad and we were all deeply grieved that Mabel's life and romance should come to this sudden and early ending. She was a bright, pretty girl with great promise of usefulness and could have attained a high place in life had the breaks been different or her decisions wiser. God only knows. George, named for his father, was the younger of the three and was a quiet, studious boy. He entered Monmouth College and roomed in our home the four years while he was in Monmouth College. We were roommates for two or three years so that I came to know him very well. He graduated from Monmouth with honors and went to M.I.T. in Boston, Mass., for a course in engineering. While he was in Monmouth College I do not think that he ever had a social date. He appeared to have no use for women. You see his family were all women except himself. His father died about the time of his birth so that there were just his mother, his two sisters and an elderly aunt, so for a time he just did not care about having any more women in his life. However, up there in Boston away from all his women he met a young lady who

decided that George needed one more woman to make his life complete, so he married the niece of the pastor of the Scotch Presbyterian Church which he attended. After completing his work at M.I.T. he took a position with an Electric Power Company in Wisconsin. Later he took a responsible position with a Power Company located in Minneapolis, Minn. He remained with them until he retired a few years ago and moved to San Diego, California. They have two brilliant children, George, Jr., with a masters degree from the University of Minnesota, in engineering and now with the Rockefellows, and a daughter, Grace, who spent a number of years in Korea as a missionary from the Presbyterian Church. While there she became infected with t.b., of the lungs. When we visited them in 1940 she was somewhat better but spending most of her time in a sanatorium. I trust that before we finish this record we may have more definite information about her. (A letter from George says that she is well and is very busy as a visiting teacher in Social Work in San Diego, Cal.) I mentioned, a few lines back, that there was an elderly aunt in the Mitchell home. It would not be fair to the rest of the family not to describe her more fully for she was a most unique character, and that is putting it mildly. For one thing she insisted on wearing hoop skirts long after they had gone out of style and only ceased wearing those voluminous articles of wearing apparel when she could no longer buy them. She enjoyed hearing and telling rather risque stories, in fact was anything but a proper quiet old lady. But she was lots of fun with a keen sense of humor and despised pretense wherever she saw it. I am not sure whether she ever bothered to go to church or not.--I hope that I am not being unfair to her as I really was very fond of her. She had a son of her own but would not live

with him. She may not have liked his wife, but anyway she seemed happy to live in her nephew's family home year after year, and no wonder as Jennie Mitchell was one of those sweet quiet little women who spend their lives making other people happy. So of course Aunt Adeline wanted to live there for she could do and say what she pleased. I wish that I might have known her longer and better as she had a rugged philosophy of her own. She hated shams but recognized and appreciated real worth in those around her. I wish that there might be more Aunt Adelines, They make life so interesting. Esther was the eldest and I am taking her last as she, in a way, had the most wonderful and outstanding career of anyone mentioned in this record. She graduated from Monmouth College with high honors in the class of 1887, then returned to her home in Kirkwood to care for Aunt Adeline. After Mabel's marriage and brother George was established on his own she was no longer needed in the home except to care for her old Aunt. Her mother had already been laid to rest beside her husband. She had an uncle in Monmouth who was a successful practicing physician and it had long been her ambition to study medicine. There was nothing holding her at her home but Dear Ol Aunt Adeline who still did not want to go to her son's home in Iowa, but preferred to live on in Kirkwood and have Esther care for her. Here again was the age-old tragedy about to be repeated--a young life with talent and education to be turned into a Baby Sitter for a nice old woman. Fortunately, Esther had sufficient determination to meet the situation and soon had her Aunt in the home of her son, so that Esther was free to begin her medical studies. She had graduated from Monmouth College with honors in 1887, but it was almost ten years before she entered medical school. At that time there was considerable pre-

judice against co-education in medical colleges so I think that she went to a woman's medical college at first. Later she did some special work in the Chicago hospitals and began practice in the early 1900's. When it came to choosing a location she ran up against the prejudice the public have regarding women practicing as doctors. She first went to Shawnee, Oklahoma, as she had some relatives near there. But it did not seem to be a wise choice as the people there did not seem to appreciate her medical skill. She was a Woman Doctor. Even women seemed to much prefer the male type. Father went to see her while she was located there, as he regarded her as almost as if she had been one of his own daughters. He returned rather depressed, feeling that she was in a difficult location. I do not know what all happened but I rather think that he spoke to her Uncle Ed Mitchell who had a large medical practice in Monmouth, anyway some time after this Dr. Mitchell sent for her to come help him in his office and practice. She came to Monmouth and made her home with Father, Mother and Sister Inez and was a great help as my Mother was in failing health, having had a series of "strokes". For some reason the plan at Dr. Mitchell's office did not work out and she took an office of her own, but she found that building up a practice came very slowly, so that her real problem of finding her place in life was still unsolved.

Now I think that I will ask you to leave Dr. Esther Mitchell and her worries and listen to a bit of my history that should come in about this time. After graduating from Monmouth College in 1895, I took charge of The Stone Valley Academy at McAley's, Fort, Pa. After one year of teaching I decided that I did not enjoy that profession so returned home and entered the Iowa State Medical College then at

Keokuk, Iowa, from which I graduated in 1899 and located as a general practitioner in Darlington, Wis. I married Lillian Ferguson on June 21, 1900. After eight years in general practice I sold out and we moved to Springfield, Ohio, in 1907. After doing post graduate in Chicago, I limited my practice to Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat. By 1912 I had a busy office so the thought occurred to me that I might use Esther as an assistant. I sent for her to come to Springfield, but some how this did not seem to work too well, so we still had Esther and her problem. Now here is where I cashed in on a great big dividend from my marriage. If some man should chance to read this, let me slip you this bit of advice, when you are stuck with what seems to be the impossible, talk it over with your wife--if you have one. If not, go out and marry the best one you can find--you'll be surprised how her wisdom will help you out of your mess. One evening a few months after Esther came to us, Lillian (The Mrs. at our house) reported that she had attended a meeting of the Presbyterial Missionary Society that afternoon at which Dr. Weidler gave an address. He is the Superintendent of our Church School at Frenchburg, Ky., which is supported by the Woman's Mission Board. She said that he was speaking again that evening and that I must go. That I would hear something that would interest me. (She was referring to my interest in trachoma of the eyes--very common disease among the mountain people of Kentucky. I had heard much of the great need for medical work among these poor people from Dr. J. A. Stucky of Lexington, Ky., and wishing that I might be some part in it. I objected that I had had a hard day at the office and felt that I must rest. She still insisted that I go. "You say that your father had this trouble with his eyes and that you would like

to help those mountain people. Now is your chance to hear more about it." Listen all you married men here is another little hint that will pay big dividends in peace and harmony in your home. Do not argue when your wife insists. She may not give her reason, but she has one, never doubt. As I sat listening to Dr. Weidler that evening I realized the reason why Lillian wanted me to hear him. He said among many other things that one of the greatest needs at the Frenchburg School was a hospital and a doctor. There was desperate need of both. So that is how Dr. Esther Mitchell's problem was solved and how she really found her place in life and became the beloved and honored doctor of the Kentucky Mountains.

It did not come about as easily or as quickly as it may sound. There had to be trips back to Pittsburgh to talk it over with the Woman's Board. They had to investigate Esther and the people at Frenchburg had to be consulted. They responded most generously--offering to donate labor and material in building a small hospital. The women on the Board proved to be good sports, for when they realized that they were being offered the services of a Christian woman, a United Presbyterian and a highly trained physician they went along with the idea of enlarging the work at Frenchburg from just a school to a Health Center. They appointed Dr. Mitchell as School Physician and Superintendent of The School of Nursing, and have supplied adequate hospital rooms and other equipment. However we do not wish to take up your time with a history of the work of the Woman's Board at Frenchburg, we now wish to tell something of the splendid work that Esther accomplished here.

When she began her work in Frenchburg she found that more than 25% of the pupils in the school had the dread eye disease, trachoma,

which if untreated, will result in blindness, (this is the disease that in Bible Times caused so much blindness) also there were many cases of enlarged and diseased adenoides that needed attention. To meet the immediate situation, she arranged to hold a medical and surgical clinic. To do this it was necessary to use the classrooms as operation and bedrooms. The whole community co-operated and loaned cots and bedding. Dr. Stuckey of Lexington came out to assist bringing three trained nurses with him. The teachers, in the school, acted as emergency nurses. This first clinic lasted three days and was a splendid introduction for Esther into her new field of work. There were more than twenty five operations and she gave all the anesthetics. The mountain people seemed to trust her from the first. They were usually suspicious of all strangers, They referred to the teachers in the school as "Fotched On Women", meaning that they had been brought in or were strangers, but they accepted Esther as one of their own and she became a part of their life. I wish that I were an artist and could paint the picture of the place when she began her work and what it is like today. Frenchburg is the County Seat of Menifee County, about sixty miles east of Lexington, Ky., in the foothills of the Cumberland Mountains. When Esther arrived there it was almost in its natural state--no built roads--they just followed the creek beds when they were dry. Travel was confined, mostly to foot, horse back or "Jolt Wagon". Menifee was known as one of the "Pauper Counties" meaning that not enough taxes were collected to pay the cost of the county government, so that there was no health officer nor much of planned improvements. Conditions were largely primitive. The school that had been established by the Women's General Missionary Society was doing

an excellent work and when they enlarged by adding the health department with a physician and hospital their results were greatly multiplied. From the first Dr. Mitchell was on duty twenty fours a day and made her calls in the country on horse back. Later as the state began to improve the roads she used a "T" model Ford. In the school for nursing she was training the mountain girls to care for the sick so that one had to see it to realize the change that was taking place in this former back-woods region. After taking part in the first clinic it was my privilege to return to hold other clinics for a number of years at which I was assisted by voluntary nurses from the Springfield, Ohio City Hospital. Esther made all the arrangements for these clinics and by this time her outstanding work had attracted so much attention that the Kentucky State Health Department appointed a full time health officer and nurse to Menifee County, giving her much needed assistance. But even with this help the twenty seven years of unselfish service had taken its toll and she felt the need of a change so she retired from Frenchburg in 1939 and took a private practice in a small town in Sharpsburg, in next county. Here she was succeeding very well until overtaken by a series of accidents that left her with a broken ankle and collar bone and she had to go to the hospital in Mt. Sterling for repairs. It was not too long after this that the strain of all those years at Frenchburg became apparent and that she herself needed constant care. So those fine christian women of the Missionary Society came forward and placed her in a convalescent home in Mt. Sterling where I am assured she had every care, until the final call came, "Well done, good and faithful servant; thou hast been faithful over a few things; -- enter thou into the joy of thy Lord." At her request they buried her

among the hills she loved, over which she had ridden her horse or driven her Ford to care for some poor soul that was in need of her skill. We hear much today about the great work accomplished by Dr. Albert Schweitzer in Africa and more honor to him, but our own cousin Dr. Esther Mitchell, in her quiet, humble way brought health and hope to many of our Scotch-English brethern who had become lost and almost forgotten for more than a century in the mountains of eastern Kentucky. Many of our clan have visited Frenchburg and now find it a modern community. It is a fitting monument to the unselfish efforts of a Great Soul.

I am happy to add here some notes taken from a recent letter received from George Mitchell. Their daughter, Grace, has entirely recovered her health and is now, after taking her Masters Degree in social work at the University of Minnesota, a Visiting Teacher in the Public Schools of San Diego, Cal. Their son, George, Jr., is a Chemical Engineer connected with the largest oil refinery owned by the Standard Oil Company at Baton Rouge, La. His sister Mabel's son Melvin Woods is living in Binghamton, Wash.

And now it only remains for me to say something about my own personal family and, you My Dear Children, will have learned something of what you have inherited from the Hagues. I have all ready mentioned many of my activities in course of writing this sketch, so perhaps we can make this part rather short. Our country home was a well improved farm two and a half miles south east of Kirkwood and six miles south west of Monmouth. We always attended many of the College Entertainments and I grew up with the idea that I would go to college there. I graduated in the Class of 1895. I had majored in Mathematics and Latin,

and the only position I found available was a small academy in central Pennsylvania at McAleveys Fort. My old college friend Mont Maxwell was giving it up to enter the Seminary, so recommended me. It had been quite an academy in its day--founded by an old United Presbyterian minister, using the old church building after they built the new brick church. I think that the minister's name was Rev. Ayers, or some such name and for several years Stone Valley Academy, as it was called, was well known through that region as a citadel of learning, but by the time I arrived with my Prince Albert coat and pompadour hair cut, even the tradition that an education might be found there was becoming a bit threadbare, so that I had some difficulty in rounding up enough pupils to open classes by the first week of September. The arrangement at the Academy was that the Principal solicited all the students, collected all the fees, was his own janitor, paid all the bills and pocketed anything that might be left. There was one saving feature to this rather drab program. At the completion of the year in June, Commencement Exercises were to be held on two nights at which an admission fee was charged. The returns all going to the Principal and there were still legends that in the good old days "the Take" had amounted to several hundred dollars, so it behooved the Principal to concentrate on those last big shows. To anticipate, I might insert here that is what I did and we did not come out so badly, although it did not come to several hundred.

I must give proper credit to the pastor of the Stone Valley Church, Rev. Freeman, for the assistance he gave me in rounding up the students for the opening term. He had a rather spirited horse that had a tendency to run away, so that Rev. Freeman seemed to rather

welcome the opportunity to do some extra driving in taking me over the rough mountain roads to call on prospective scholars. It was during my first two weeks in the Valley that I realized what a small world this is. One Sabbath morning I was standing out in front of the church, waiting for the congregation to assemble. I was rather blue as up to date I did not have too many pupils enrolled, when suddenly I saw a ghost or rather two ghosts in the persons of two elderly women from our old country church at Kirkwood. We had moved to Monmouth and attended church there while I was in college, so had not seen Miss Sarah Irvin and Mrs. Davidson for a number of years. But here they were "as large as life and twice as natural", on this quiet Sabbath morning in far away Huntingdon County, Pa. My first reaction was that I just could not believe my eyes, but everything was soon explained. This was their old home and they were just back for a visit to the old place. I wondered in my own mind just what they would tell the people about me for there had been some arguments in the old church at Kirkwood about the organ and we Hogues had been rather one-sided. As it turned out I need not have worried as the enrollment of pupils seemed to go rather better after their visit. All in all, I did not do too badly as "Professor of The Stone Valley Academy" (that was what they called me). But that year of teaching made me realize that I did not like teaching--the only thing that I looked forward to were the vacations--so at the close of the school year, in June, we held rather impressive commencement exercises and entertainment; I paid all bills, pocketed what was left and went home determined to enter medical school the coming fall. This decision had been largely made through the influence of a Dr. Miller who was the leading physician in the valley and

a member of the Academy Board.

By the time that I had arrived home in the summer of 1896, William Jennings Bryan had delivered his famous address, "The Cross of Gold", before the National Democratic Convention, in Chicago and had been nominated for President as a "Peerless leader and the Great Commoner" and all the Republican bankers took fright at Bryan's "Free Silver Plank" and refused to loan money almost on any terms. I had saved \$150.00 from my teaching, but that hardly seemed enough to start on an expensive medical education. However, at that time, the medical branch of what later became part of the University of Iowa was at Keokuk, Iowa. It had an excellent reputation and expenses there were much less than in larger schools in the big cities. (I actually got through that first year without having to make a loan.) There were also opportunities for self help, so October of 1896 found me enrolled as a student at the Keokuk Medical College, from which I graduated in 1899 as the valedictorian of the class.

As we have already intimated, we had taken care of that most important task, of choosing a life companion while in college in Monmouth, so now it was up to me to find a location and start having an income sufficient for our marriage and a home. In selecting a wife I followed the age old custom of like choosing like, which, on the whole, I think is better than that opposites should marry. Lillian Ferguson came from a long line of Scotch Presbyterians, many of them with D. D.'s, and L.L.D.'s, and records of scholarly attainments. There was, however, one difference in our ancestry, they largely came from the Scottish Highlands so that it is quite possible that some of them had been in those raids on the Lowlands and driven off some of my ancestors'

fat cows. I think, that at this late date we can overlook this possibility as I cannot call to mind, that it ever became a matter of argument in our long and happy life together.

I found a good location for a general practitioner at Darlington, Wisconsin. It is a beautiful little County Seat town of two thousand on the winding Pecatonica River. It was a bit slow at first but with the help of an All-Wise and Loving Providence I was able to render some helpful medical services to the community and began to have a living income and on June 21st, 1900, we were married. That was the longest day in the year and also stands out as the greatest day in my life. We were at Darlington for eight years and we won our place in the life of the place. During that time I continued my medical studies by going to the Chicago hospitals and clinics and attending lectures. On June 16th, 1902, our son, Harold Alexander, was born and I felt that my cup was about full. In the spring of 1907 I had an opportunity to sell my practice on favorable terms so decided to take a post graduate course and fit myself for doing special work in Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat. I spent the summer in Chicago doing intensive work along this line and then we moved to Springfield, Ohio, where I lived my life, good or bad, until my retirement on January 1st, 1950.

A number of events occurred at Springfield that has had a profound effect on our own family. One was the birth, on February 1st, 1912, of our daughter, Helen Frances. We had lost two little still born infants so that her safe arrival was another great day in my life. Our son, Harold, completed High School among the upper five or ten, then graduated with honors from both Yale and John Hopkins Universities, and was well on his way as a specialist in Medical Research when, while

serving as house physician in the Boston City Hospital he contracted pneumonia and died. That was in 1929, just before the discovery of the sulfa drugs and penicillin. Had they been available no doubt he would be alive today. He was another victim of the slowness of the advancement of medical knowledge, that has cost us the lives of other members of our family down through the years--the many little infants and children who passed on before their time and especially Cousin Robert Hogue, the only son of Captain J. C. Hogue. These are losses that are hard to bear. All my plans and dreams had come to a dead end street. I was left with no son to carry on the name. I could only say with Job, "The Lord hath given and the Lord hath taken away, Blessed be the Name of the Lord." The next Christmas I wrote the following:

A CHRISTMAS HOPE

Our home is not complete
 With you absent from your seat
 This Christmas Day.
 You were always at our side
 On every Christmas-tide,
 But not today.

You can't be very far--
 Just on some nearby star
 You watch us here.
 Your work was just begun,
 Your course not nearly run;
 You must be near.

But would we have you back
 To suffer on the rack
 Of sin and pain?
 No, you have won your crown,
 We do not wish you down
 On Earth again.

And yet, we miss you, Son
 Although we know you've won
 A better place,
 And then we know some day,
 And not so far away
 We'll see your face.

De. 25, 1929

Then we took up our place in Life again and said with David, "I shall go to him, but he will not return to me".

The next important date on our calendar was December 25th, 1939, when daughter Helen brought a new son into our family circle. He was Donald Philips Dennis, a Scotch-Irish United Presbyterian and a graduate of Wittenberg College at Springfield. It was a beautiful home wedding--we had lost a daughter and gained a son. Following the wedding they went to Minneapolis, Minn., where Don entered the University of Minnesota to take a course in Journalism, in which he received his Masters Degree in 1942 just as he was accepted into the Navy as an Information Officer in World War II, with the rank of Lieutenant Jr. Grade. He was assigned to the South Pacific, Australia, New Guinea and the Philippines, so did not see any of the severe fighting that took place in Europe. He was mustered out in August, 1945 and almost at once became associated with the Atlantic Union Committee with its office in Washington, D. C. Here he and Helen lived with their two older daughters, Nancy, who had been born before Don left the country to join the Navy, and Donna Frances. The Atlantic Union moved their offices to New York City in the fall of 1949. By February 1st, 1950, Helen and Don had established a home at Rye, New York, just twenty-five miles out on the New Haven Railroad from the city, a convenient distance for Don to commute into the city each day. Fortunately, they had bought a house that was large enough for two families, so Lillian and I came with them. I was nearly eighty and overdue to retire. Lillian had been in a serious auto accident in 1947 in which she suffered a fractured skull and other injuries. She made a fair recovery but never came back to her old self. After coming to Rye, she was about as active as usual, then in July, 1954, she seemed to lose interest in the things about her and

from then on slowly failed until she fell asleep in February, 1955. So ended a long and happy married companionship. We had celebrated fifty-four wedding anniversaries and I am looking forward to joining her in that Better Land.

Since coming to Rye, there have been at least two happy events --one was on December 18th, 1951, when my granddaughter, Katherine Elizabeth, was born, and the last grandchild, Margaret Anna, on August 26th, 1955.

Our daughter, Helen, before her marriage to Don had completed her education, first with a year at Dennison College at Granville, Ohio, then graduated at Antioch College in 1936 at Yellow Springs, Ohio. Following this she took, with a classmate, a bicycle tour of England and France, making a fitting climax to her college education. And now we have four granddaughters to take up the heritage left by our Scotch Ancestors. And what a heritage it is. There may not have been many outstanding characters who attained high places in Church or State, but they have always contributed a large number to that conservative part of society that makes for stability in both Church and State, and so have been a worthwhile factor in the true progress of society, whenever or wherever they have lived. It is now up to us and our descendants to carry on at the high, righteous level of those God-fearing Scotchmen who came to this Country rather than live under the tyranny of both the Church and State. They contributed much toward making America what She is. It will continue to require the united efforts of all good people to maintain the previous freedoms that have been obtained at such great cost--"Eternal Vigilance is the price of Liberty". It is such a message that we should leave with our children.

I trust that you have enjoyed reading this short sketch of the History of our family. It is by no means complete, but I have tried to use the material I had to the best advantage. We are planning to put it in a loose-leafed binder so that any of you that have additional matter concerning your own immediate branch may write it up and insert it in its proper place for the benefit of your children, and this can be added to as time goes on. In this way this can be made a permanent History for the information of the coming generations. Will you not all please co-operate in making this a living History of your Own Family?

May the Good Lord continue to Bless our Efforts to Serve Him.

* * * * *

Delos W. Hogan, M.D.

I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 14th inst. in relation to the matter of the 1st inst. and in reply to inform you that the same has been forwarded to the proper authorities for their consideration. I am, Sir, very respectfully,
Your obedient servant,
J. M. [Signature]

J. M. [Signature]

